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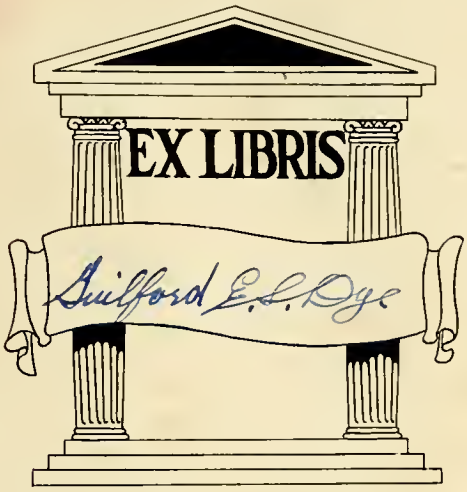

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THE VALENIAN

PUBLISHED

IN THE YEAR OF

1924

BY THE

SENIOR CLASS

OF

VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL

AT

VALPARAISO
INDIANA

Foreword

We fully realize that our Valenian is not a literary masterpiece and that it may not stand the test of severe criticism, but we have worked faithfully and hard to portray the student life of our high school as it is and to make this book pleasing and acceptable to you, our friends and schoolmates. To those who have collaborated with us and so generously contributed their valuable time, advice and encouragement, we herewith express our heartfelt gratitude. As you open and peruse this small volume, may you kindly overlook its errors and be conscious only of its merits.

Dedication

In grateful tribute to

Professor Claude O. Pauley

Our Teacher, Supervisor and Friend,

who has loyally supported every class activity and who has taken a kindly personal interest in all our student affairs during the past two years,

The Senior Class

respectfully dedicates this, the

VALENIAN

of 1924

-THE STAFF

THE STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	*Frederick LePell*
BUSINESS MANAGER	*George Douglas*
CALENDAR	*Marjorie Tousley*
ALUMNI	*Carolyn Lytle*
SOCIETY	*Wilma McWhinney*
HISTORY	*Martin Wheeler*
WILL	*Harold Sievers*
ATHLETICS	*Herbert Douglas*
JOKES	*Howard Eschell*
MUSIC AND DRAMA	*Isobel Foster*
LITERATURE	*Leslie Gaston*
PROPHECY	*Ethel Schrag*
PHOTOS	*Lewis Marquardt*

The School

HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY

A few facts in regard to our High School that we have gathered and leave as a legacy to the Class of '25 and those to follow, with the hope that they will augment it by the annual record of their deeds and progress; and that they will make the preservation of High School History, of which there has been no previous written record, a matter of tradition to be carried on by the succeeding classes as long as the school itself shall endure.—EDITOR.

(The following initial article was contributed by a member of the Class of '75.)

THE ground occupied by our present High School was purchased from the Presbyterian Collegiate Institute by the city in 1864, and the school board retained Prof. Benjamin Wilcox, who was teaching there at that time. He was assisted by James McFetrich and Miss Sofa Louring.

Not until 1871 was the public school proper opened. Children from four different buildings were gathered together, with an enrollment of four hundred pupils and ten teachers and Prof. W. H. Banta as Superintendent, an office which he held for twenty-three years. He was succeeded by Prof. Wood, who remained for eight years, when he was followed by A. A. Hughart, who served for the next ten years. Then came Eugene Skinkle with three years' service, and in 1915 Prof. Boucher came to us and is our superintendent at the present time.

The first school board consisted of Azariah Freeman, Albert Letts and Tom Maulsby. They have been succeeded by such men as A. V. Bartholomew, James McFetrich, A. D. Bartholomew, Mark L. DeMotte, L. M. Pierce, J. R. Pagin, M. J. Stinchfield and other Valparaiso men always with the best interests of the school at heart.

Three buildings in all have been erected on the site of our present High School and after fifty-five years we are still occupying one of them, but with the hope of having larger and more modern quarters in the near future, as at the present time there are enrolled 389 pupils in the High School department and the room for this number is entirely inadequate for their needs.

(To be continued in the Annual of 1925.)

THE SCHOOL BOARD

C. W. BOUCHER
Superintendent

M. J. DRAPIER
President

A. A. HUGHART
Treasurer

MITTIE M. STONER
Secretary

FACULTY

The members of the faculty as they appear in the picture are:

First Row:

HELEN MABEL BENNEY—*English*
CLARE MCGILLICUDDY—*Mathematics*
OLIE W. WELTY—*Latin*

Second Row:

DESSA HUDSON VAUGHN—*Commercial*
C. W. BOUCHER (Superintendent)—*Geometry*
MRS. CARRIE H. FINDLEY—*Science and English*

Third Row:

MINNIE C. MCINTYRE (Assistant Principal)—*History*
MRS. FRIEDA A. SCHENCK—*English and Mathematics*
MARGARET BARTHOLOMEW—*Domestic Science*

The members of the faculty as they appear in the picture are:

First Row:

LETTY PAGE—*Penmanship*
EDITH WEEMS—*Domestic Art*
MARTHA BOUCHER—*Clerk*

Second Row:

ONITA W. THOMAS—*Latin*
H. M. JESSEE (Principal)—*Algebra*
JUNE ANDERSON—*Art*

Third Row:

GLADYS M. STANFORD—*French and English.*
HAZEL BIELBY—*History*
VERA L. SIEB—*English*

The members of the faculty as they appear in the picture are:

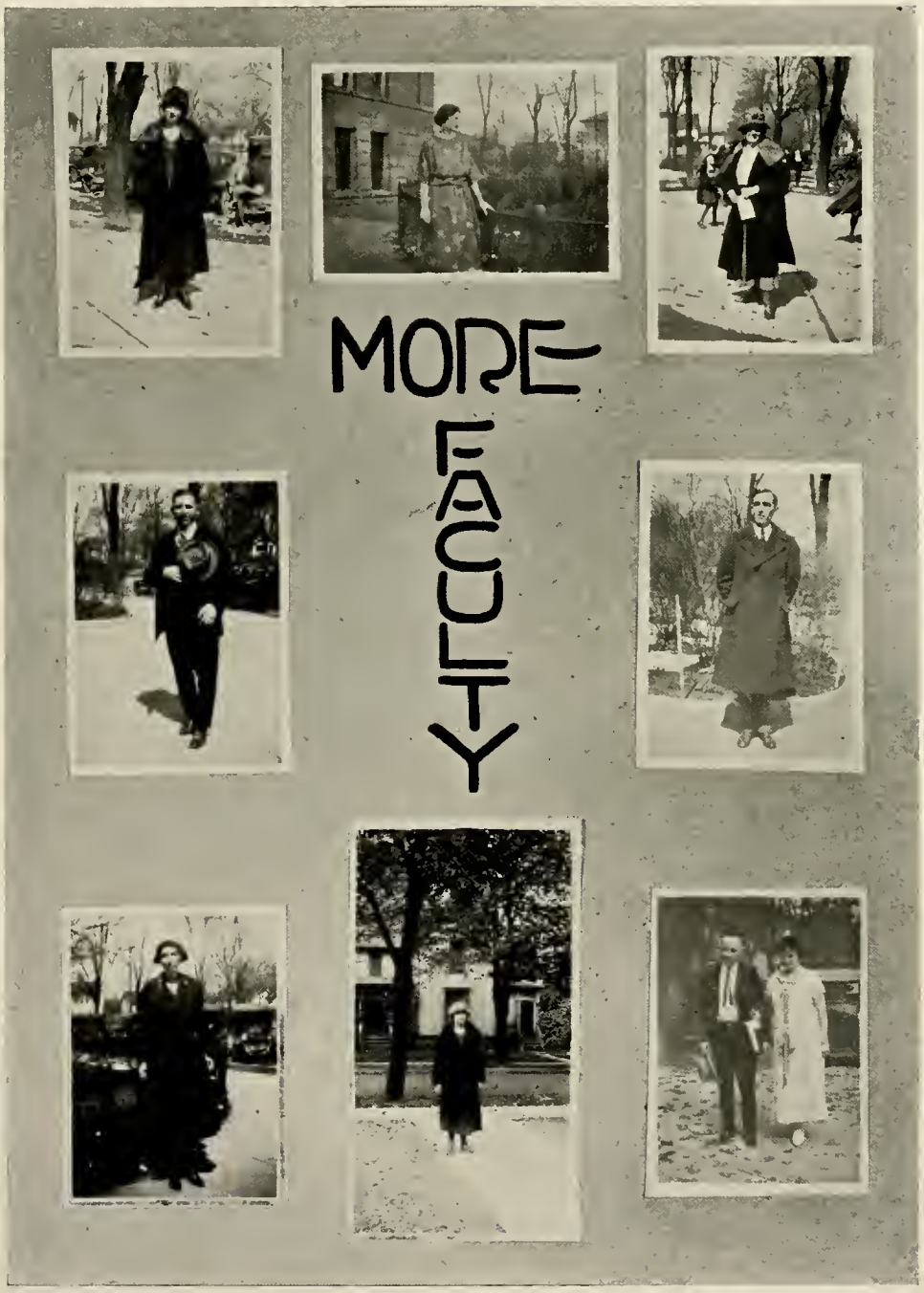
First Row:

RALPH E. SCHENCK—*Commercial*
LILLIE E. DARBY—*Music*

Second Row:

JOSEPH B. BROWN—*Manual Arts*
CLAUDE O. PAULEY—*Science*

THE FACULTY
AT
ITS BEST


MORE
FACULTY

DEPARTMENTS

Senior
Junior
Sophomore
Freshman
Literature
Calendar
Athletics
Music
Drama (Show Shop)
Society
With the Wits
Alumni

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By M. M. MUDGE—J. W. HISGEN — LEWIS MARQUARDT, *Staff Photographer*

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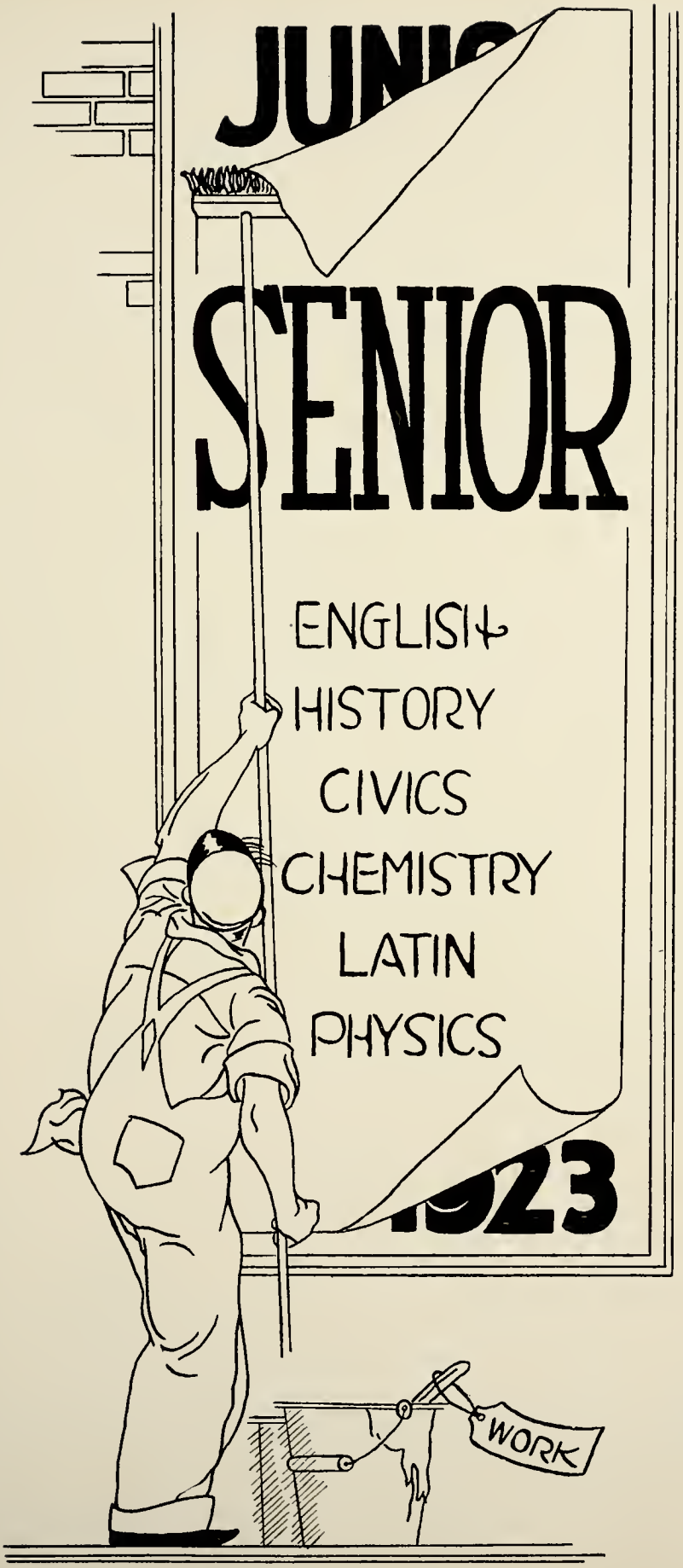

JUNIO
SENIOR
ENGLISH
HISTORY
CIVICS
CHEMISTRY
LATIN
PHYSICS
1923
WORK

ANNALS OF V. H. S.

Now in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty, certain strangers did appear in the school. And many among them were sore afraid, for it had been said unto them that one Jessee was a stern man. And after many days, this Jessee did assemble them together and say unto them, "Ye shall be called Freshmen, and shall become the illustrious Class of '24." And many months passed by. Then there did appear among them one Schenck, small in stature but great in mind, and he did exhort them, saying, "Doth not all work and no play make Jack a dull boy?" and he did add much they understood not. And when they had consulted such dictionaries and such books of learning as were at hand, they perceived his meaning. And they did according thereto form a team to compete with the other classes in basketball, and lo, they defeated the Class of '23 and the Class of '22, yea even the Class of '21, which was great in the school. And they did inscribe their name upon a banner and raise it high where all might see that the Freshmen had vanquished all comers in basketball.

And in the second year they did call themselves Sophomores. And they gathered often and made merry with dancing and singing and feasting. These parties did achieve great renown, and the great Jessee himself came that he might frolic and forget his cares. And he was well pleased and did announce to the school that the Sophomore parties excelled all others.

And in the third year they called themselves Juniors. And they did find themselves busied and with many cares on their hands. And they did choose to aid them one Pauley, a man of great wisdom; and they showed great judgment thereby. And in the spring of the year they did call upon the young men and maidens of the Class of '23 to gather in an upper room, yea the room named the Armory, that they might dance and make merry. And they did call them a second time to assemble themselves by the waters of Flint Lake, and they did feast upon much meat and drink.

And behold in the fourth year they took upon themselves the name of Seniors, the Class of '24. And they said, "Have not other classes published an annual recording the deeds of the class and of the school? Shall we not do likewise?" And they set out to do so. And they found it did require a great sum of money, and they set out to obtain it. And they repaired to an upper hall where they did give dances, and did make much money thereby. But disaster fell upon them, for the hall was consumed in a great flame. And behold they did give a carnival, the fame of which was spread throughout the school. And certain ones did assemble themselves together and engage in a speaking contest. And certain ones did assemble themselves together to give a play, which they did call "The Genius", the fame of which did also spread throughout the land, even into Boone Grove and Kouts. And in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-four, on the twenty-third day of the fifth month, the Class of '24 did depart from the school, leaving a great record and great memories behind them. And the ceremonies at their departure, behold, shall they not be recorded on the pages of the Vidette and the Messenger, honored chronicles of the land? Yea, verily.

—*Martin Wheeler.*

A MAY MORNING

THE time of the year that I like best
Is a sunshiny morning in May;
The trees in leafy green are dressed,
And dainty spring beauties greet the day.

It is then that the road that goes over the hill,
Invitingly, tempts me to follow it;
But, alas! I know I have work to do still,
Though it's May—there's no denying it.

—*Isobel Foster.*

Class of 1924

DOROTHY PRICE—Academic. Glee Club '23, Senior Vaudeville '24, Music Club '23.

LESLIE GASTON—Academic. Valenian Staff '24.

DOROTHY PIERCE—Academic.

HERBERT DOUGLAS—Academic. Varsity Football '22-'23-'24, Varsity Basketball '22-'23-'24, Captain '24, Valenian Staff '24, Vice-President Sophomore Class '22, Varsity Tennis '21-'22.

HAROLD GUSTAFSON—Academic. Varsity Football '22-'23-'24.

DOROTHY LOWE—Academic.

RICHARD STONER—Academic. Senior Vaudeville '24.

MARGUERITE BEYER—Academic. Junior Play '23.

Class of 1924

FREDERICK LEPELL—Latin. Varsity Football '21-'22-'23-'24, Junior Play '23, President Sophomore Class '22, Editor-in-Chief of Valenian '24, Varsity Basketball '22-'23-'24, Varsity Tennis '21-'22, Artist and Art Editor of Valenian '24.

WILMA McWHINNEY—Academic. Glee Club '21, Senior Vaudeville '22-'24, Junior Play '23, Valenian Staff '24, Senior Play '24.

LEWIS MARQUARDT—Academic. Glee Club '23-'24, Vice-President Junior Class '23, Junior Play '23, High School Musicale '24, President Athletic Association '24, Valenian Staff '24, Senior Vaudeville '24, Senior Play '24.

EDITH STONER—Academic. Glee Club '24, Secretary-Treasurer Senior Class '24.

MILADI LEETZ—Academic. Senior Vaudeville Committee '24.

CHARLES RIDDLE—Academic. Varsity Football '21-'22-'23, Captain '23, Varsity Basketball '21-'22-'23, Secretary-Treasurer Sophomore Class '21, Glee Club '21-'22-'23.

PHYLLIS HISGEN—Latin. Glee Club '22, Senior Vaudeville '24, Secretary-Treasurer Athletic Association '24.

FRED WITTENBERG—Commercial. Varsity Football '22-'23-'24, Class Basketball '21-'22-'23-'24.

Class of 1924

ALICE LUDINGTON—Academic. Senior Vaudeville '23, Senior Play '23, Glee Club '22-'23.

FRED HALL—Academic. Glee Club '24, Senior Vaudeville '24.

BERNEICE HUGHART—Academic. Glee Club '21, Operetta '22-'24, Senior Play '24.

HUBERT MILLER—Academic. Music Club '21-'22.

HOWARD AYLESWORTH—Academic. Senior Vaudeville '24, Glee Club '23-'24, President Junior Class '23, Junior Play '23, Class Baseball '21, High School Musicale '24, Basketball Manager '24, Senior Play '24.

BESS CRISMAN—Academic. Senior Play '24.

HARRY WADE—Academic. Class Football '22.

ESTHER MYERS—Academic. Senior Vaudeville '24.

Class of 1924

EVA ROACH—Academic. Glee Club '23, Senior Vaudeville '22-'23-'24, Junior Play '23, Operetta '23.

WILLIAM THOMPSON—Academic. Class Football '22.

VERONA HICKS—Academic. Senior Vaudeville '24.

BYRON WRIGHT—Academic. Varsity Football '23, Oratorical Contest '24.

RUSSELL SEYMOUR—Academic. Senior Vaudeville '24, Operetta '24, Oratorical Contest '24, Senior Play '24.

ETHEL SCHRAG—Latin. Glee Club '23, Music Club '24, Senior Vaudeville '24, Valenian Staff '24.

ROBERT MILLER—Academic.

MELBA WOOD—Commercial.

Class of 1924

HAROLD PRENTISS—Academic.

CAROLYN LYTLE—Latin. Junior Play '23, Secretary-Treasurer Junior Class '23, Oratorical Contest '24, Valenian Staff '24, Girls' Basketball Team '24, Music Club '24, Senior Vaudeville '24, Glee Club '24, Senior Play '24, Operetta '24, High School Musicale '24.

HAROLD SIEVERS—Academic. Valenian Staff '24.

RUTH MITCHELL—Academic. Senior Vaudeville '24.

CECELIA TRAHAN—Commercial. Glee Club '23.

MARTIN WHEELER—Academic. Oratorical Contest '24, Vice-President Freshman Class '21, Valenian Staff '24.

LOUISE COBB—Academic. Senior Vaudeville '23.

NATHAN WORSTELL—Academic. Orchestra '21-'22-'23-'24, Glee Club '23-'24, President Senior Class '24, Vice-President Freshman Class '21, Senior Play '24.

Class of 1924

ISOBEL FOSTER—Academic. Junior Play '23, Senior Vaudeville '24, Glee Club '23-'24, Operetta '24.

MARY ELLEN SHELEY—Academic. Orchestra '24, Glee Club '24, Oratorical Contest '24, High School Musicale '24.

WAYNE ZERBER—Academic. Junior Play '23, Oratorical Contest '24, Senior Vaudeville '24, Operetta '24, Glee Club '24, Senior Play '24.

MARGARET SANDY—Academic. Operetta '23-'24, Junior Play '23-'24, Senior Vaudeville '24, Senior Play '24.

MARJORIE TOUSLEY—Latin. French Club '23-'24, Secretary-Treasurer Sophomore Class '22, Valenian Staff '24.

MAYCEL ORWIG—Commercial. Junior Play '23, Oratorical Contest '24.

MARGUERITE CLIFFORD—Academic.

MARY WITTENBERG—Academic. Junior Play '23, Glee Club '24, Operetta '24, Senior Play '24.

Class of 1924

JAMES RICHARDS—Academic.

ANN MURVIHILL—Academic. Glee Club '23.

CLARENCE BUTTERFIELD—Academic. Class Football '21-'22.

HELEN GAST—Academic. Music Club '22-'24, Orchestra '23-'24, Junior Play '23.

MARTHA BARNEKO—Commercial. French Club '23-'24.

HOWARD GLOVER—Academic. Varsity Football '21, Senior Play '24.

NAOMI DIETERICH—Academic. Operetta '24, Glee Club '23-'24, Musicale '24.

FORREST WATT—Academic. Senior Vaudeville '24.

Class of 1924

GEORGE DOUGLAS—Academic. Varsity Basketball '22-'23-'24, Varsity Football '22-'23-'24, Business Manager Valenian '24, Varsity Tennis '21-'22.

GLADYS BUSH—Commercial. Senior Vaudeville '24, Senior Play '24.

HOWARD ESCHELL—Academic. Orchestra '21-'22-'23-'24, Glee Club '23-'24, Junior Play '23, Valenian Staff '24, Senior Vaudeville '24, Senior Play '24.

ZELMA SHERRICK—Commercial. Senior Vaudeville '24.

LAURA NEHRING—Academic. Junior Play '23.

HARRY FIELD—Academic.

MARIAN BELL—Academic. Glee Club '24, Junior Prom Committee '23, Senior Play '24.

EDWARD O'CONNELL—Academic.

Class of 1924

WILLIAM BLAESE—Academic. Varsity Football '21-'22-'23, Music Club '21-'22-'23.

MARGARET GUSTAFSON—Academic.

IDA CAMPBELL—Academic. Vice-President Senior Class '24, Glee Club '24, Girls' Basketball Manager '24, Senior Vaudeville Committee '24, Senior Play '24.

MERTON LISH—Academic. Glee Club '23-'24.

CLASS PROPHECY

Scene—Mayor's Office, Valparaiso, Ind. Nathan Worstell, Mayor, sitting at desk. Enter Carolyn Lytle, a well-known actress.

N. "Good afternoon, Carolyn."

C. "Good afternoon. I came in to see what you thought about publishing a record of the Class of 1924, in this year of 1944."

N. "I think that would be fine. Here is an annual of 1924, so let's start now and find out what every one of the old class is doing."

C. "Why, here is Margaret Sandy's name! I saw several pictures of her recently in a magazine, for she is now a world famous dancer."

N. "Leslie Gaston, the well-known historian, now in Russia, wrote that he had seen Martha Barneko and Louise Cobb, Red Cross nurses, in Moscow."

C. "I never heard that; but did you know that Edward O'Connell and Richard Stoner had succeeded in raising onions and potatoes in alternate rows without making the eyes of the potatoes water?"

N. "I can beat that. Howard Aylesworth has gone to South Africa and is teaching the natives the Eskimo language."

C. "Eva Roach and Berneice Hughart are now on a concert tour through Alaska."

N. "Speaking of prominent people, Maycel Orwig and Russell Seymour are touring the United States and making speeches in favor of sending troops to guard the North Pole."

C. "As I was walking down here I passed Cecelia Trahan and Ann Murvihill, who are on the police force. They look fine in their uniforms."

N. "We also have an authoress from our class. Bess Crisman has written a book, 'How to Live On a Smile.' She got her material from her girl graduate book."

C. "Marguerite Clifford and Verona Hicks, always excellent cooks, have found a way to separate the white and yolk of an egg without breaking the shell."

N. "You remember Herbert Douglas, our star basketball player? After he graduated he devoted his time to science. He has made several trips to Mars, and is expecting to take Hubert Miller and Harry Field, Congressmen from Arizona, with him on his next trip."

C. "While I was playing in New York I heard that George Douglas was the Beau Brummell of Fifth Avenue."

N. "Fred Wittenberg has gone into politics and was recently elected sheriff of Wheeler."

C. "Last year Harold Prentiss and James Richards, life savers at Long Beach, saved Byron Wright, the caretaker of the golf links in Nome, Alaska, from a horrible death by the bite of a shark."

N. "Gladys Bush and Melba Wood are wealthy, and, having no dependents, they are helping the poor girls of Prattville to graduate from Valparaiso High School."

C. "Ethel Schrag inherited Burbank's fortune and is now trying to propagate a variety of plant dandelions, forget--me-nots, and wild poppies. Also Forrest Watt and Howard Glover, noted zoologists, are trying to prevent the spread of the new insect, Letterfly, in John's greenhouse by rotating the crops of the seven-leaf clovers."

N. "You remember how Miladi Leetz and Ida Campbell were always together? They are now proprietors of Dew Drop Inn. Howard Eschell's orchestra, The Venice Syncopaters, is the chief attraction. Lewis Marquardt, a well-known photographer, takes charge of the dance floor in the evenings."

C. "Clarence Butterfield and Robert Miller have joint command of the miniature submarine fleet at Flint Lake."

N. "I heard something sad today. Alice Ludington is now working hard to pay off the clothing bill of her fortune-hunting husband, who died last month."

C. "I remember Naomi Dieterich, now as famous as Galli-Curci, sang at his funeral."

N. "Harold Gustafson and William Blaese are the publishers of a widely read magazine, "The Men's Intellectual Journal".

C. Isobel Foster has become America's wealthiest woman by publishing her formula on 'How to Keep Small'."

N. "I recall that we have another author in our midst. Harry Wade recently published a book on 'How to Have a Permanent Marcel'."

C. Mary Wittenberg and Dorothy Pierce have a law office, and now are defending Dorothy Price. The 'Canary Bird Cage Company' has brought suit against her for raising cats and parrots."

N. "The Saturday Evening Post had quite an article about Wayne Zerber and Charles Riddle. They are the leading men of the Follies of '44 and have won many feminine hearts with their singing and dancing."

C. "Martin Wheeler has made a lot of money, you know, from royalties. He spent several years compiling the 'Wheeler Unabridged Dictionary'."

N. "Helen Gast is teaching French in Valparaiso High School. She gave over many years in France to study, and while there she heard Mary Ellen Sheley, our famous violinist, play several times at the famous Opera Comique."

C. "Marion Bell has moved to Kouts. She is Justice of the Peace; and it is said that she has a great deal of work to do in that thriving metropolis."

N. "Phyllis Hisgen has won many medals in various fast walking contests. She is also known as the World's Champion Tennis Player."

C. "Wilma McWhinney moved to Paris a few years ago and she is very popular in the social world. However, John still hovers on the horizon and they are frequently seen together at various functions."

N. "Marjorie Tousley has become a suffragette leader in Spain; but I have heard that she is to come back to America soon and make her home here."

C. "While reading the paper the other day I noticed that Zelma Sherrick and Edith Stoner have both been nominated for President of the United States by their respective parties."

N. "Shortly after Fred LePell graduated he made himself famous by painting his master-piece, a fine reproduction of the Valparaiso High School Assembly."

C. "Dorothy Lowe, Margaret Gustafson, and Ruth Mitchell have become famous for their trips around the world. They will give an illustrated lecture on these tours in the near future."

N. "Esther Meyers and Laura Nehring have completed a new system of shorthand. They are building a school and will teach this system with the assistance of Marguerite Beyer in the Typewriting Department. They expect the school to be finished on St. Patrick's Day, 1945."

C. "Merton Lish, Harold Sievers, Fred Hall, and William Thompson, by working together, have become millionaire dairymen. Together they perfected the method of diluting milk with water without detection."

N. "Well, I think the Class of 1924 has made a remarkable name for itself."

C. "Yes, and after we have the record printed I think it will make a wonderful book. We must see that every member has a copy, so he may recall the old days." —*Ethel Schrag.*

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

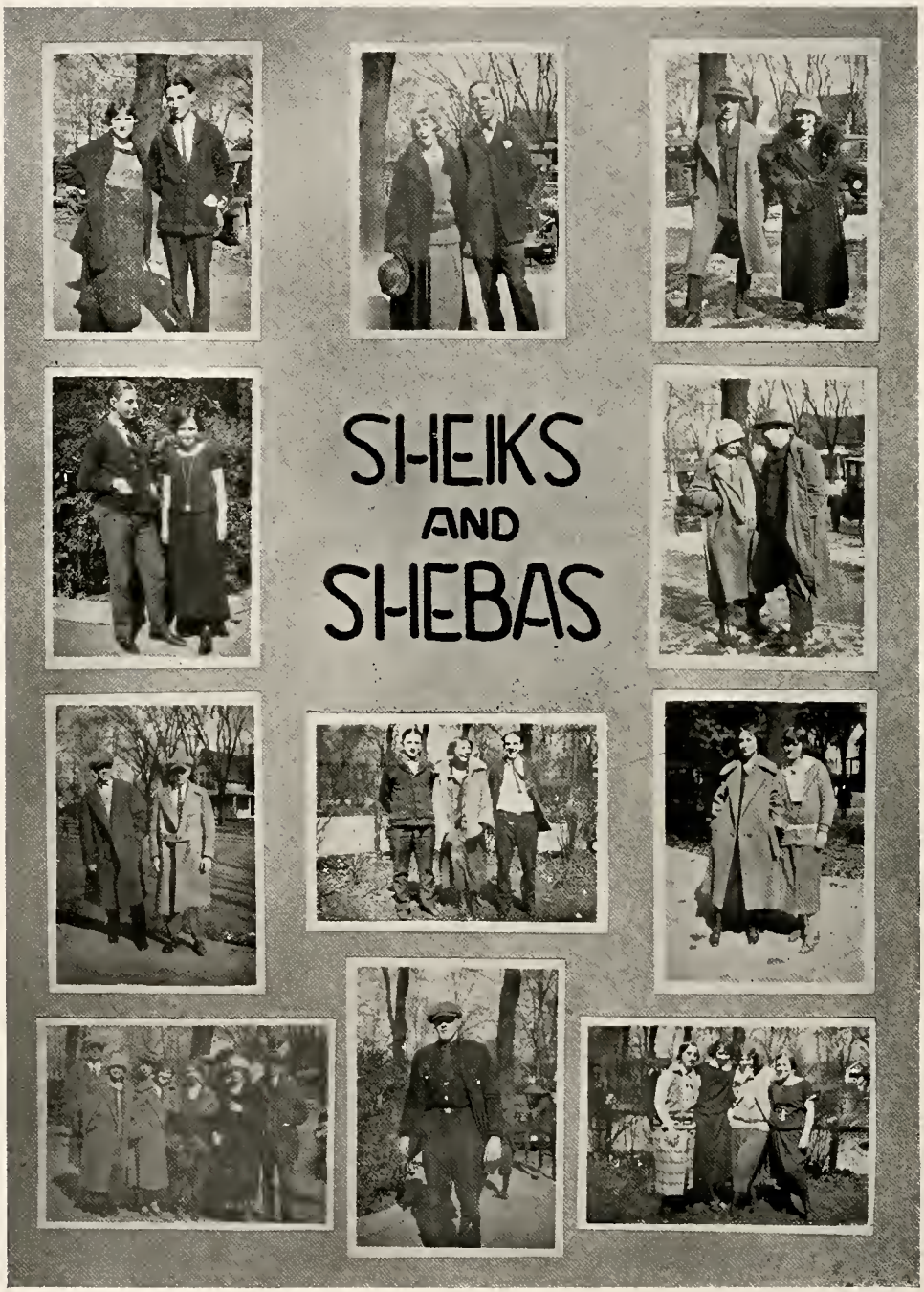
NATHAN WORSTELL, *President*

IDA CAMPBELL, *Vice-President*

EDITH STONER, *Secretary-Treasurer*

MR. PAULEY, *Supervisor*

Aylesworth, Howard
Beyer, Marguerite
Butterfield, Clarence
Barneko, Martha
Blaese, William
Bell, Marian
Bush, Gladys
Crisman, Bess
Clifford, Marguerite
Campbell, Ida
Cobb, Louise
Douglas, Herbert
Douglas, George
Dieterich, Naomi
Eschell, Howard
Field, Harry
Foster, Isobel
Gast, Helen
Gustafson, Harold
Glover, Howard
Gustafson, Margaret
Gaston, Leslie
Hisgen, Phyllis
Hall, Fred
Hicks, Verona
Hughart, Berneice
Lowe, Dorothy
Leetz, Miladi
Lish, Merton
Ludington, Alice
LePell, Frederick
Lytle, Carolyn
Marquardt, Lewis
Murvihill, Ann
Mitchell, Ruth
McWhinney, Wilma
Miller, Robert
Miller, Hubert
Meyers, Esther
Nehring, Laura
Orwig, Maycel
O'Connell, Edward
Prentiss, Harold
Price, Dorothy
Pierce, Dorothy
Roach, Eva
Riddle, Charles
Richards, James
Sheley, Mary Ellen
Sandy, Margaret
Schrag, Ethel
Stoner, Edith
Sievers, Harold
Sherrick, Zelma
Seymour, Russell
Tousley, Marjorie
Trahan, Cecelia
Thompson, William
Wittenberg, Fred
Wittenberg, Mary
Wade, Harry
Wright, Byron
Worstell, Nathan
Wheeler, Martin
Wood, Melba
Watt, Forrest
Zerber, Wayne


SHEIKS
AND
SHEBAS

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF '24

OF VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL

"Know All Men by These Presents,"

That we, the said Class of 1924 of Valparaiso High School, Valparaiso, County of Porter, State of Indiana, being of legal age, physically sound in mind and memory, do of our own free will and under no restraint whatsoever, hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament:

We bequeath to the School Board, Faculty and Student Body our influence toward a new, modern high school building.

To the Juniors—Our dignity as Seniors and the ability to maintain it, and our representation in varsity teams and inter-class success in athletics.

To the Sophomores—Our strong class organization, our success in social functions, and our standing with our instructors.

To the Freshmen—Our "pep" in athletic and other beneficial movements, and the desire to become a Senior at all costs.

To the Will-Be Freshies—Our utmost sympathy.

We also make the following individual bequests:

Verona Hicks' and Howard Aylesworth's unbounded popularity to Jimmy Bauer.

Mary Wittenberg's ability to grasp and assimilate knowledge to Harry Lytle.

George Douglas' original impersonation of Rudolph Valentino to "Jerry" Kenny.

Edith Stoner's business foresight and friendliness to the next secretary-treasurer.

"Hod" Eschell's musical talent to Martin Nehring.

Wayne Zerber's graceful sliding glide, as displayed in classical terpsichorean feats, to Dayton Stanton.

Maycel Orwig's and Russell Seymour's oratorical success to the participants in the contest of '25.

Forrest Watt's and Bess Crisman's ever welcome smiles to "Rosy" Hamann.

"Nate" Worstell's executive and managerial ability to the president of the class of '25.

Phyllis Hisgen's speed, accuracy, and endurance on the court to all who are interested in tennis.

"Jim" Richard's business-like attitude to Oliver Ewing.

Martin Wheeler's argumentative and persuasive power in Political Economy to "Guil" Dye.

Ruth Mitchell's charming *em bon point* to Mox Ruge—he needs it.

Leslie Gaston's delicacy and finesse in the solution of love problems to Richard Higley.

"Freddie" LePell's reputation as one of the best editors of the annual to all future editors.

Ann Murvihill's and Laura Nehring's quiet reticence to "Gabby" H. Pulver.

"Herb" Douglas' athletic prowess to Ralph Wheeler, coming bantamweight champion of the world.

Naomi Dieterich's vocal ability to any of the worshippers at the shrine of Orpheus.

Wilma McWhinney's popularity as a vaudeville star to Emma Wise.

Ida Campbell's beatific, senatorial stride to Margaret Erler.

Gladys Bush's record of punctuality to Dorothy Ritz.

Isobel Foster's cleverness in operettas and vaudeville to Alice Horner.

Helen Gast's and Berneice Hughart's masterful penmanship to Lillian Simon.

Harold Seivers' enlarged pedal extremities to "Buzz" Stansell.

Howard Glover's semi-permanent marcel to Harold Bentley.

Harold Gustafson's enviable record as fullback to Henry Miller.

Fred Hall's self-effacing modesty to "Gambooi" B. Gordon.

Margaret Gustafson's friendliness and winsome ways to Bena Swiontek.

Merton Lish's calm, unruffled dignity to Lester Field.

Dorothy Lowe's interpretation and expression in English VIII to Berneice Link.

Carolyn Lytle's argumentative powers to Leila Dye.

Hubert Miller's flivver, which led Sherman's march to the sea, to "Johnnie" Lowenstine.

Esther Meyers' knowledge of bookkeeping to Elden Kuehl.

Robert Miller's inventive genius to anyone desiring to benefit the nation by improvements on airships, warships, etc.

Eva Roach's and Mary Ellen Sheley's musical talent to future assistants of Miss Darby.

Harold Prentiss' pianistic technique to Kenneth Hagen.

Margaret Sandy's grace and poetry of motion to Gladys Comstock.

Ethel Schrag's dexterity in dodging an appearance on the platform to anyone who is subjected to the same punishment.

Zelma Sherrick's stately gait to Pauline Cavanaugh.

Fred Wittenberg's choice seat in front of the desk to Ethel Gustafson.

Byron Wright's daily reprimand for being tardy to all suffering from the same complaint.

Marjorie Tousley's excellence in Experimental Chemistry to Marian Lamprecht.

William Blaese's pre-occupied attitude of intense mental concentration to Herman Mohnssen.

Dorothy Pierce's quiet and subdued character to Helen Zimmerman.

"Charlie" Riddle's "wim," "wigor," "witality" and "pep" to the Pepperinoes.

Dorothy Price's speed in typewriting to all struggling commerciål students.

Harry Field's gold tooth, his cornet, and his unsurpassed tooting ability to Foster Fairchild.

Edward O'Connell's modest and retiring disposition to "Buck" Fyfe.

Harry Wade's and Clarence Butterfield's bats and fielder's gloves, along with their possibility to joining the Cubs, to "Eng" Zimmerman.

Alice Ludington's bobbed, shingled, and curled hair to Ruth Waldorph.

Cecelia Trahan's willingness to work to George London.

Louise Cobb's and Richard Stoner's damask cheeks to Mary Spohn.

William Thompson's devotion to study to Eva Butterfield.

Marguerite Clifford's and Melba Wood's eloquent silence to Clarke Ferrell.

Martha Barneko's, Marian Bell's, and Marguerite Beyer's ardor in English VIII to Selwyn Horan.

Lewis Marquardt's laboratory apron and well-preserved chemistry manual to Bernard Henderlong.

Miladi Leetz's cheerful disposition to John Ellis.

We nominate and appoint Professor C. W. Boucher as executor of this, our will, without bond.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-four.

(SEAL) *Class of Twenty-Four.*

UNIVERSITY IMPORTANCE

"PEOPLE who have never been to college cannot be said to be well educated," stated Buddie, with a man-of-the-world air.

Buddie was just seventeen and this was his first year at college. Who was more competent to give an opinion on any subject under the sun than Buddie?

"I suppose that finishes me," Helen, his cousin, said with a laugh. "I have never been to college. I might aim to be a college professor's wife, though," she added with a twinkle in her eye. "Surely that would be a college education in itself."

"As if any professor would have you!" said Buddie.

"Why not?" Helen demanded. "I am not bad-looking, and I—"

"But you are not well-educated," Buddie interrupted crushingly. "You read a lot, but you can't talk well on any subject."

"How do you like your teachers?" asked his father, trying to change the subject a little.

"Teachers—they're nutty!" said Buddie, trying to act very superior. "Especially Lovey, the prof in psychology."

"Is it quite right to call your professors such nicknames?" inquired his father.

"Oh, you don't understand, because you have never been to college," said Buddie, looking bored. "They are always nicknamed."

"Now, take this Lovey; he doesn't know how to lecture. I could lecture much better. I—"

"Surely you must be mistaken," Helen cried, indignantly. "A university with a reputation isn't going to have incompetent persons on the faculty."

"Well, I suppose not," said Buddie, "but they do it, anyway."

"I certainly hope that you make good grades in your studies," began his father severely, when the doorbell rang.

Helen opened the door and was surprised to see the big, smiling man confronting her.

"Didn't you expect me tonight?" he asked pleasantly.

"I thought it was to be Friday night," Helen murmured. "But won't you come in? The whole family is at home tonight."

As the visitor was removing his wraps in the hall, Buddie's voice was heard from the sitting room: "But you don't understand, father, because you have never been to college. The profs don't matter, especially Lovey. He's a big mutt. I don't have to study for him. I—"

Helen's cheeks flushed. She pushed aside the portieres and said,

"Auntie and uncle, meet Mr. Marshall Lovelace, associate professor of psychology, and my friend."

There was a heavy silence. Buddie's face turned chalk-white. He trembled like a leaf in a windstorm.

"That's all right, old pal," the professor began good-naturedly, as the poor boy began stammering excuses. "I don't mind in the least. You are having a sort of disease which I call university superiority. You'll get over it."

Then he sat down and actually seemed to enjoy himself talking to the rest of the family, and not one of them had ever been to college.

Buddie looked decidedly crestfallen, but seemed to recover from the first phase of the disease that night.

—*Dorothy Pierce.*

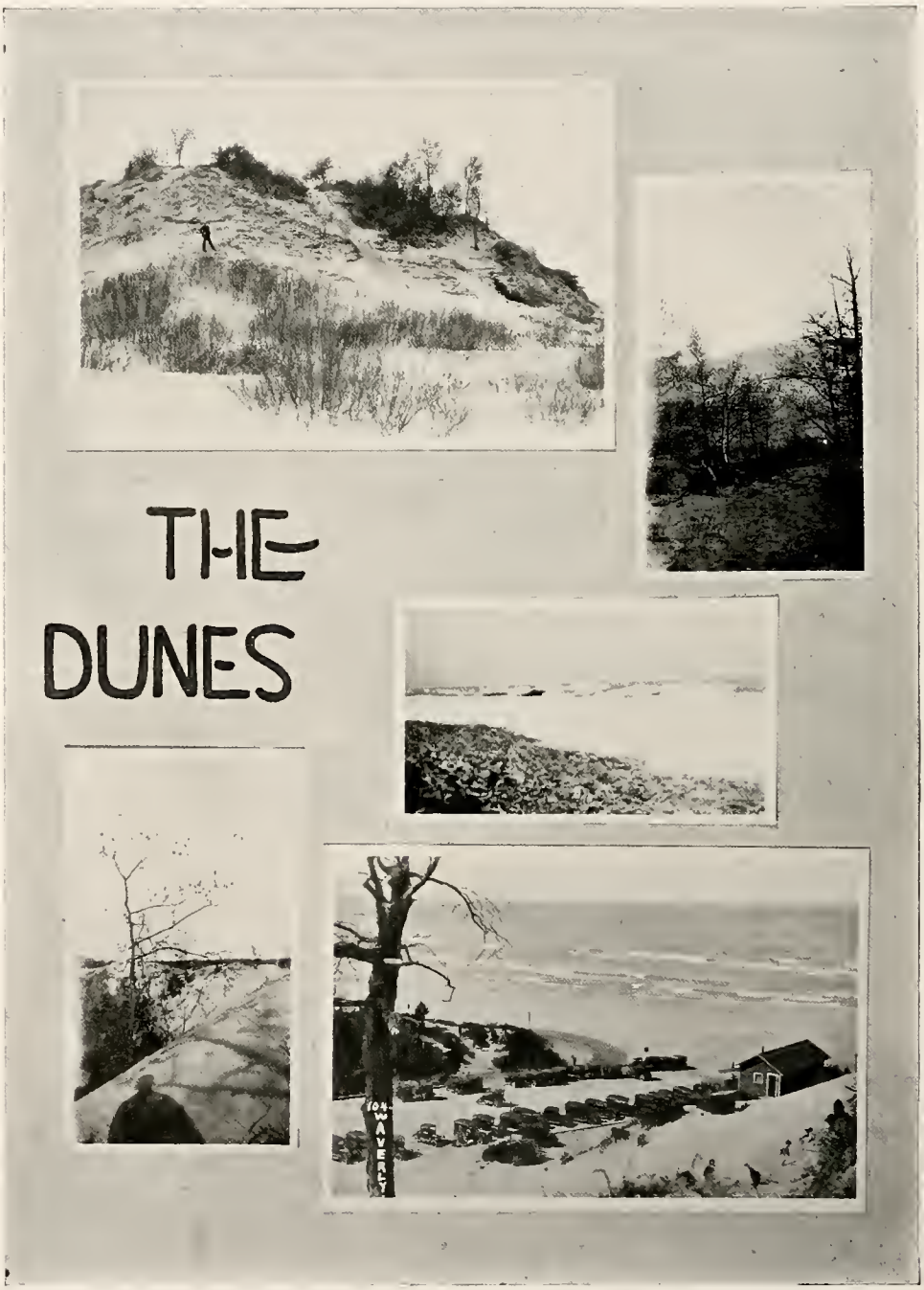
MY INSPIRATION

IF you lack imagery
And poetic phraseology,
Don't try to write poetry—
You will only gain notoriety.

You'll need a lot of concentration
If you get an inspiration;
And if you do you're plucky
You should consider yourself lucky.

If by chance you get a notion
Along with the measured motion,
If I were you, I wouldn't wait
To publish it—I'd celebrate.

—*Marguerite Clifford.*


THE
DUNES
104
WAVERLY

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

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Horner, Alice
Jessee, Gertrude
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Kenny, Jerome
Kirkpatrick, Virginia
Klein, Joseph
Kuehl, Elden
Kuehl, Margaret
Kulp, Hazel
Lamprecht, Elizabeth
Lowenstine, John
Lunbeck, Marguerite
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Murray, Harold
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Nixon, James
Parker, Anita
Philley, Kathryn
Pulver, Harold
Radkey, Rosaline
Reibly, Louise
Ruge, Mox
Sanford, Sedgwick
Sheets, Vernal
Sherburne, Gladys
Spindler, John
Spindler, Ralph
Shurr, Harold
Shurr, Frances
Stanton, Maurice
Swiontek, Bena
Thatcher, Millicent
Vevia, Ruth
Wade, Leslie
Wakefield, Berneice
Waldorph, Ruth
Whitehead, Lois Mae
Wise, Emma
Worstell, Avis
Zimmerman, Englebert

THE WINNER

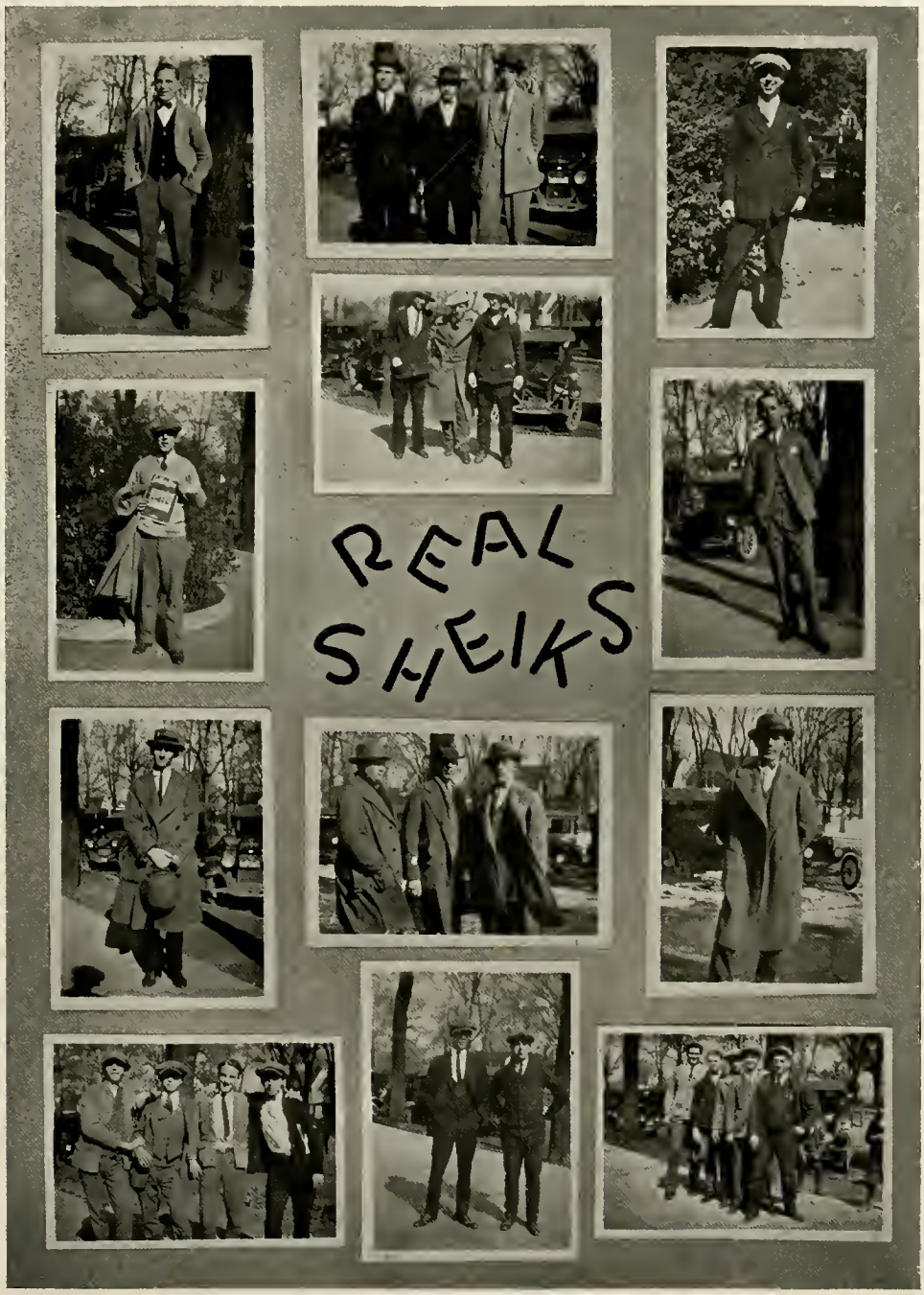
HO'S out ahead?"
Cried the little boy,
As round the turn they came.
He leaned intently on the fence—
Right then they looked the same.

On sweeps the dust
At a furious rate.
He looks again to see,
And peering through the dust, he cries,
"Bill Muster leads with Peter C."

Then round the curve
In courageous spurt
Comes a horse with outstretched neck.
As he pulls up from the field they cheer
Old Amos Frame with Thomas Direct.

Up rose the stands
With a mighty roar,
As they thunder 'neath the wire.
Now, the winner of this phantom race
Was the driver you admire.

—Herbert Douglas.


REAL
SHEIKS

ONE EXCITING NIGHT

GEE WHIZ! Not a darn thing to do," muttered Edgar Hallem to himself. "I sure wish something exciting would happen like in Sherlock Holmes."

Edgar was twelve years old, the age when most boys idolize Bill Hart and other so-called he-men, and Edgar was no exception to the rule. It was a clear, crisp Saturday night, the happiest day in the week for Edgar, but today he was sulky. Joe Howard, his best friend, was sick with scarlet fever, and Bill Randall was spending the week-end with his grandmother in the country. Even Tom Carson, who wasn't much fun, was working in his father's store.

"Oh, well, guess I'll go hunting, anyway. May be I can scare up a rabbit or two."

He got his rifle and his ammunition, and then went to the kitchen.

"Ma, make me some sandwiches, will you? I'm going hunting."

With his sandwiches in his pockets and his gun under his arm, he started for the woods three miles north of town, where Edgar and five other boys had built a log cabin. This log cabin was used by the boys whenever they went hunting, and also used as a den.

Half an hour later, Edgar walked up to the cabin. He was looking at the ground and did not notice anyone around as he approached the cabin. As he started to open the door, a man came out of the cabin. Edgar stared in amazement. The man wore prison stripes! Edgar dropped his gun and wanted to run, but couldn't. Oh! How he wished he hadn't come to the cabin!

"Hello, there, kid," said the man. "Glad you happened along here. See that farmhouse over there? Well, you run over there and get those clothes off that line. Be quick about it, too. I've no time to waste. Don't try to run away, because I'm a pretty good shot."

Edgar hurried as fast as he could to the farmhouse. He took the clothes down, wishing that the farmer would come out and stop him, but no one came to his rescue. The escaped prisoner took the clothes and went inside the cabin to change his prison garb for the stolen outfit. He bade Edgar wait outside.

"Now give me your lunch," said the man. "Turn your face to the side of the cabin and don't turn around for three minutes."

After he had waited for at least five minutes, Edgar turned to run. Not far from the cabin he saw two men, one of whom had a camera. The escaped prisoner was there, also. They started to laugh.

"Pretty good, kid, for a beginner," said the cameraman. "You didn't

know we were taking a motion picture, did you? You did great. Here is your pay."

"I'm sorry I had to scare you so," said the man whom Edgar thought an escaped convict, "but we needed someone who wouldn't be camera shy."

Edgar was very much relieved to find that it was only a motion picture. He remained with the company for a few hours, watching them make other outdoor scenes.

When he returned home that evening, very much elated over his experience, he admitted that it had been a very exciting day.

"Im glad you got enough excitement for one day," said his father.

"Yes, and just think, I got five dollars, too," said Edgar.

—*Mary Wittenberg.*

BESIDE THE SPRING

WHERE the gentle spring flows down
Into the waiting pool,
Gather the village women,
The girls, the boys, and the fool,
And the men on their way to the harvest field,
While still the day is cool.

The women and the girls bear water-jugs,
The boy brings the long-legged calf
And the large, dusty buffaloes
For their long, blissful bath;
The horse and his rider quench their thirst,
And the fool—oh, he makes them laugh.

—*Howard Aylesworth.*

INDIANA'S
WONDERLAND
THE
DUNES

SODHOMORE
FRESHIE

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Fyfe, Malcolm
Goldstein, Irving
Graham, Ethel
Greenland, Roy
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Hughes, Margaret
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Kraft, Harold
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Kuns, Lucille
Lannin, Dorothy
Link, Lawrence
London, Clara
Lytle, Harry
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Miller, Wayne,
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Oldham, Kenneth
Parker, Martha
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Poncher, Henry
Pulver, Margaret
Ritter, Vernon
Robinson, Emma
Sholes, Ruth
Simon, Lillian
Specht, Philip
Spohn, Mary
Stanton, Lorraine
Shedd, Edith
Schroeder, Martha
Stinchfield, Charles
Stinchfield, Margaret
Tousley, Harry
Wark, Irene
Wheeler, Bonnie
Wheeler, Pearl
White, Frederick

ON THE REEF OF NORMAN'S WOE

JOSH THOMPSON had been moody of late. He no longer had the light heart and jovial actions which had hitherto set him apart from the other Hoosier farmers. He had not whistled a note for three weeks but had confined his musical impulses to tuning any young Thompson whose laxity in conduct had become very pronounced.

There must be some cause for the dejection of the prairie's greatest joker. And so there was. The cause of Josh's wrath and the fountain of his sorrow was Norman Pettifogg et al. "And others" referred chiefly to Nancy Pettifogg, wife of Norman, and indirectly to Mable, Josh's wife. He was merely irritated by his wife; but against the Pettifoggs he held an unholy desire to "square accounts," as he termed it.

But neither Norman nor his wife had done any single deed which might merit the extreme dislike of such a jovial man as their neighbor. But the fact was that they irritated him, their presence and manner were unpleasant to him. The truth of the matter was that Norman was a devout man, and in fact, much too devout for popularity. He lived a Puritan life and was also like the Puritans in his intolerance of the way in which others lived. He was not content with being good himself, but he tried to reform his neighbors, and took much upon his narrow shoulders which belonged on others. These qualities, suffice to say, did not endear the elderly deacon to the countryside at large. But a cruel fate, to make this pill harder to swallow, had united Norman with an aggressive and none too tactful wife. Nancy was a smart and an extremely energetic woman. She was of the pusher type and always at the head of all the social functions. The other women simply expected her to be the leader. She often came to call on Mabel and related what Norman had done and what he had said about the depraved beer drinking at Hobb's store and the attending of Sunday ball games on the schoolhouse grounds. She always let it be known on such occasions that Josh was a party to these actions. After Nancy had gone, Mabel would start in and tell Josh what a good man Norman was and what he thought of this and that. These remarks, coupled with Norman's cautions and moral pointers, were goading Josh to frenzy.

One sweltering day in June the W. C. T. U. met at Thompson's. About four-thirty Josh passed through the kitchen, when the indefatigable Nancy Pettifogg was helping the hostess straighten up after the departed guests. He heard Nancy say to his wife that Norman was coming for her in the car. He passed on out to the barn, and in spite of the intense heat he was

whistling. Secreted in the barn was a pint of brandy, and to this hidden recess he proceeded. Finding the bottle, he concealed it in his shirt and returned to the now vacated kitchen. He first went to the cupboard and took out a small bottle of lemon extract. He then stepped across the room to the punch bowl, in which were the leavings of the meeting's refreshments. Josh made sure that he was not being observed, drew a glass of the punch, and then emptied the contents of both bottles into the bowl. He gave it a stir with the ladle and then went back to the barn.

Norman drove into the back yard, for he wanted to turn around, and, not seeing his wife, he shut off the motor of his ancient popular make car. The women were doing some last minute business of the Union. Norman allowed that it was hot and Josh agreed and asked him to have some punch in the kitchen. "Well, I don't care if I do." In the kitchen Josh ladled a large glassful for Norman, and himself took a glass already filled. Norman drained his and Josh filled it before he could protest. The deacon was loud in his praise of the punch. After the third glass he said, "Why can't people drink things like this instead of the awful liquor?" "There is just a little left and you might as well finish it," said Josh. Thus the genial host forced the last glass on the not unwilling guest. With a few more words they repaired to the machine, where the ladies awaited them. As the two men approached the car, Norman expostulated loudly to his companion and then greeted Mabel loudly. A keen observer would have noticed that his step was ever so slightly hesitant and that he was not his usual well-controlled self. If either of the ladies noticed anything unusual they did not show it. Josh offered to crank the car and Norman clambered into the front seat and his wife into the back. Josh spun it. The Thompsons stepped aside. Around the yard, out the gate, and down the road tore the fast moving car. "He is driving unusually fast," said Mabel. Josh just watched. Then they went into supper. After supper Josh said he had business with Cal O'Toole and left in the car. "Well," he said to himself, "I put it over easier than I thought. I wonder if anything will come of it?" The truth of the matter is that a drinking man would have tasted the brandy and one more accustomed to alcohol would not have been affected. But the luckless Norman was neither. It was dusk as Josh approached Pettifogg's farm. As he neared he slowed down a little for at the entrance was his neighbor's car with the smashed front end resting against the old stone wall by the gate. The driver of the car opened the throttle slightly and drove away into the gloom whistling, "Sailors, leave that stranded wreck and pull for the shore."

—*Herbert Douglas.*

A
LONE
SHEBA

FRESH MAN-
8th GRADE

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

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Bauer, Lloyd
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Bernhardt, Rollie
Betz, Howard
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Buchanan, Edward
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Casbon, Robert
Chester, Helen
Clifford, Mary
Collins, Mary
Corson, Mildred
Corson, William
Crumpacker, Berdie
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Davison, Edward
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Dillingham, Russell
Dolson, Dorothy
Douglas, Mary
Douthit, Alberta
Dowd, Bruce
Droom, Kendall
Eaton, Adalene
Ealing, Margaret
Edinger, Helen
Ellis, Dorothy
Ellis, John
Eschell, Henry
Evereth, Rita
Ewing, Oliver
Fairchild, Foster
Fehrman, Rose
Ferrell, Clarke
Field, Thelma
Fischer, William
Fox, John
Freeman, Althea
Gibbs, Marybelle
Glover, Helen
Goldstein, Philip
Grau, Ella
Gustafson, Ethel
Gustafson, Robert
Gustafson, Maud
Hagen, Kenneth
Hamann, Walter
Hibbets, Willard
Hicks, Leland
Hildreth, Reginald
Hindenburg, Lee
Hinson, Reuben
Hough, Pearl
Hughes, Martha
Howser, George
Horner, Erla
James, John
Jensen, Wilma
Johnson, Herman
Kinne, Lorraine
Kitchell, Edna
Kuehl, Gertrude
Kraft, Harold
Larson, Ivan
LaTour, Edmund
LaMar, Marguerite
Lindholm, Paul
Link, Berneice
Lakatzki, Edna
Lish, Clark
London, George
Lowenstine, Maurice
Lunbeck, Franklin
Lutz, Irene
Lytle, Richard
Matt, Gladys
Marks, Ethel
Maxwell, Loring
McNay, Marjorie
McNay, Margaret
Miller, Carolyn
Miller, Henry
Miller, William
Mohnssen, Leverne
Mohnssen, Raymond
Moltz, Howard
Mooker, Vernon
Murken, Georgena
Murvihill, Charles
Nelson, Ethel
Nelson, Alice
Nehring, Esther
Nehring, Martin
Nichols, Arthur
Nuppnau, Marian
Ostedt, Esther
Parry, David
Perry, George
Perry, Genevieve
Phares, Marvin
Pierce, Viola
Pinkus, Harold
Poncher, Bennie
Powell, Martha Mae
Raddatz, Marian
Rathman, Eva
Rigg, Auretta
Ritz, Dorothy
Roach, Ernest
Ruge, Harry
Salmon, Grace
Schau, Clyde
Schellinger, Ralph
Schleman, Delos
Seymour, Wilford
Shauer, Audrey
Shauer, Charlotte
Sheets, Mable
Sherrick, Verna
Sherwood, Alice
Sievers, Anita
Skinner, Florence
Slagle, Eva
Small, Mary
Smith, Arnold
Smith, Earl
Smith, Hazel
Smith, Berneice
Spencer, Lois
Spencer, Minnie
Spencer, William
Spindler, Naomi
Stansell, Arthur
Stanton, Dayton
Starr, Harry
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Swartout, Tracy
Tousley, Flora
Trahan, Marybelle
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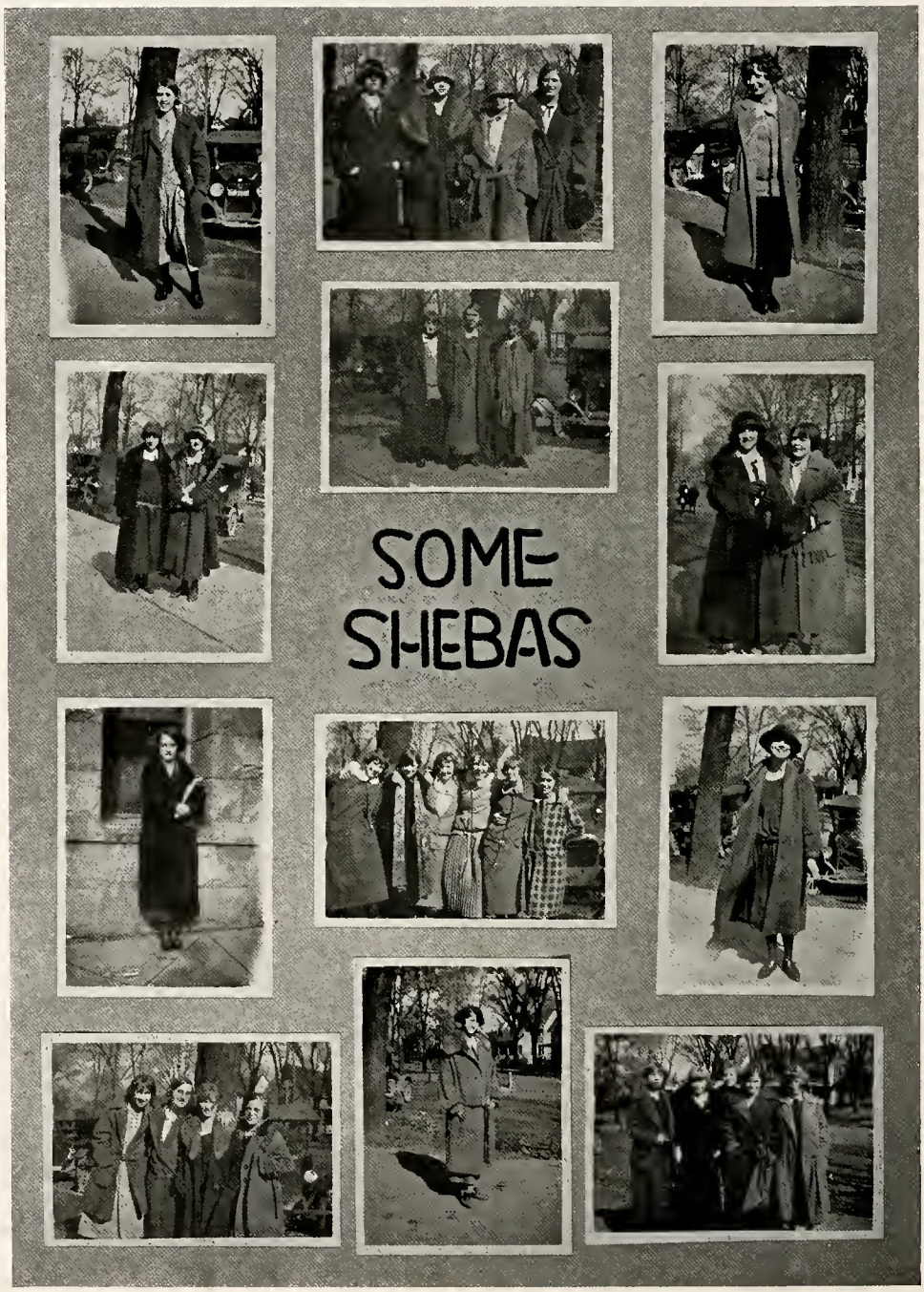
Vassaw, Vivian
Vevia, Loraine
Waldorph, Helen
Welch, Charlotte
Wells, Gladys
Wells, Viola
Wheeler, Florence
Wheeler, Ralph
Will, Donald
Williams, Orpha
Williams, Wilford
Williams, Zerna
Willing, Roger
Wilson, Glenn
Wood, Daniel
Wood, Martha
Wright, Glenn
Zimmerman, Helen
Zimmerman, ElLouise


SOME
SHEBAS

THE FIRST KISS

F all the sports that furnish fun,
You can't know what you're missing,
If you haven't yet begun
On the gentle art of kissing.

Of all the kisses, soft and sweet,
That one will be the greatest quest,
For though they all are dear, petite,
The first one is by far the best.

A maiden fair as any star
In the cloudless springtime sky,
A girl who seems like all, who are
Entrancing nymphs with downcast eye.

Remember how the breezes blow,
How balmy are the nights in June;
Remember how she smiles at you,
And how she glances at the moon.

Her cherry lips, her brown bobbed hair,
Her flushing cheeks invite to this;
What youthful heart could hold her there,
And not right then bestow a kiss?

Oh, kissing is a wondrous thing!
It fills with joy each youthful breast;
Between the young hearts in the spring,
The first kiss is by far the best.

—Leslie Homer Gaston.

BE YOURSELF

THE man had legs, very slender and long,
They were curved in the middle resembling tongs,
They were covered with clothing as old as the hills,
And told that the owner owed no bills.

His shoes were tattered, his socks were torn;
His hair was scattered, and his face forlorn.
His shirt was red, his tie was black;
His hat was a sight, like a pointed haystack.

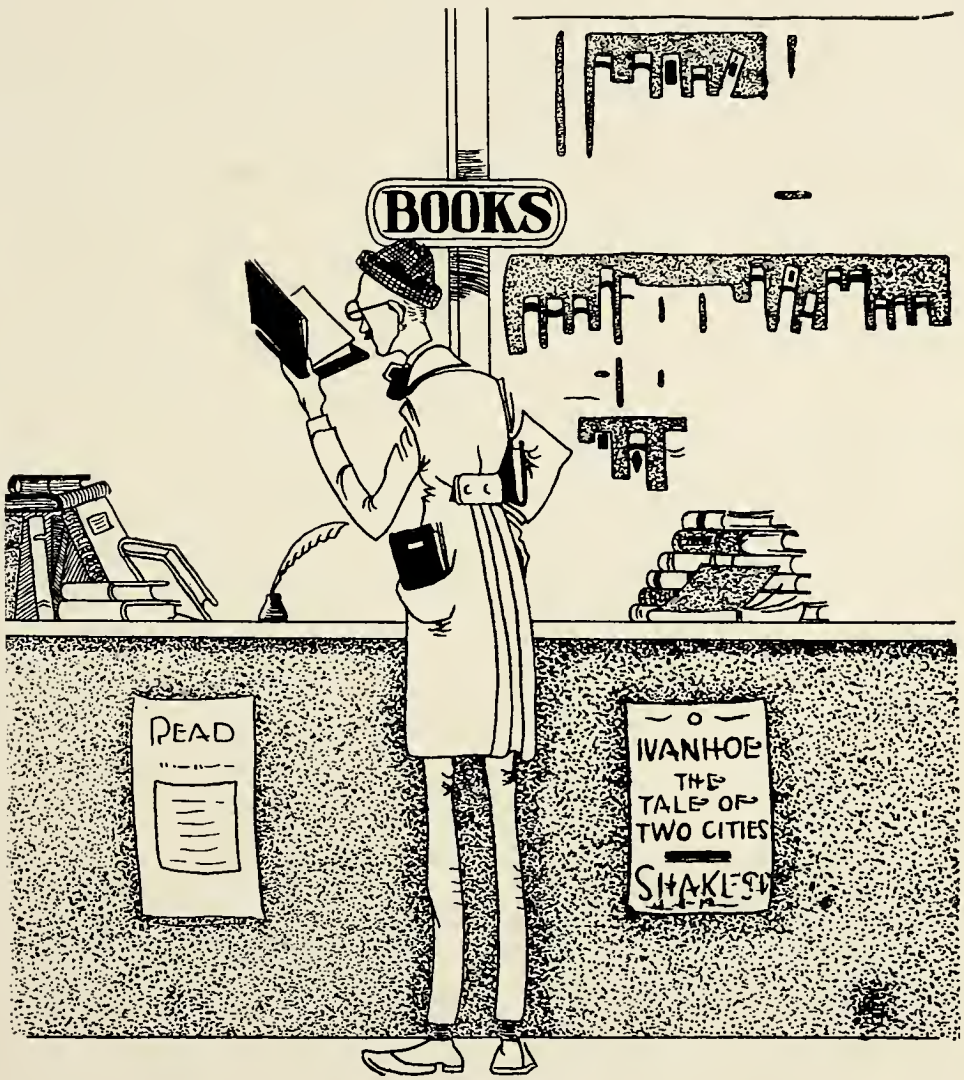
No arms were longer than his, I know,
For when he walked they dragged in the snow.
His nose was long, turned up at the end;
His ears were large, with many a bend.

His steed was gallant, with ears like a mule,
He never went without plenty of fuel.
He was just like his master, reckless and bold,
The story of whom has just been told.

This horse, 'twas a shame, but he was not to blame—
Look at his master, was he not the same?
Whoever these were, I do not know,
From whence they came I cannot show.

But leave them alone, for they're not much good;
Just look to yourself and become what you should.

—*Richard Stoner.*



LITERATURE

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

ON Thursday evening, January 17, 1924, the Senior Class of the Valparaiso High School, according to custom, presented the annual contest in public speaking, five girls and six boys participating.

Carolyn Lytle gave an interesting and instructive talk on our "City Water Supply", and Maycel Orwig, who was awarded the prize among the girls, portrayed the simple virtues of our martyred president, Abraham Lincoln.

Mary Ellen Sheley showed convincingly the need for the classics in the public schools and suggested improvements in the teaching of these subjects, while Avis Worstell made an earnest plea for the abolishment of capital punishment, with all its cruelty and unfairness. Harold Pulver followed them with "Our State Highways".

Wayne Zerber described "The American" as typified in the country's most famous leaders, and Martin Wheeler spoke on the "Conservation of Our Bird Life", proving that there were economic as well as ethical reasons for the preservation of our feathered friends.

Byron Wright treated his subject, "Back to the Farm," very cleverly and told in a very convincing manner what could be done with a small tract of land.

Russell Seymour, winner among the boys, discussed many aspects of "The Philippine Question", and demonstrated that they are not yet ready for independence.

In awarding the prizes, Mr. Robert Wise warmly commended all the speakers and also the course in public speaking as one most helpful to every girl and boy.

The program was enlivened by excellent music: the high school orchestra favored with a number of selections; between the two parts of the program Virginia Kirkpatrick at the harp and Howard Eschell on the violin gave two fine duets; and at the close of the speeches, while waiting for the judges' decision, Miss Helen Gast and Miss Eva Roach played two stirring pieces on the piano.

LINCOLN

MY subject, Lincoln, is an old subject. It has been discussed by many eminent men and women of the present day and of former days. Tribute after tribute has been paid to Lincoln and many poems have been written in his honor. Let me quote a poem written by Julia Ward Howe many years ago:

"Through the dim pageant of the years,
A wondrous tracery appears;
A cabin of the western wild,
Shelters in sleep a new-born child.

Nor nurse, nor parent dear can know
The way those infant feet must go;
And yet a nation's help and hope
Are sealed with in that horoscope.

Beyond is toil for daily bread,
And though to noble issues led;
And courage arming for the morn
For whose behest this man was born.

A man of homely, rustic ways,
Yet he achieves the forum praise,
And soon earth's highest meed has won,
The seat and sway at Washington.

No throne of honors and delight;
Distrustful days and sleepless nights,
To struggle, suffer, and aspire,
Like Israel led by cloud and fire.

A treacherous shot, a shot of rest,
A Martyr's palm upon his breast,
A welcome from the Glorious seat,
Where blameless souls of heroes meet;

And thrilling, through unmeasured days,
A song of gratitude and praise,
A cry that all the earth shall heed,
To God who gave him for our need."

When a man rises from poverty and obscurity to the most exalted office in the land and discharges his duties with unsurpassed credit to himself and glory to his country, especially when his rise to eminence and influence has been unaided by personal attraction, but has been due solely to the incisive logic of his great and enlightened mind, then, I say, when all these things are true, it is well for us to study the elements of his greatness and the causes contributing to their development.

People of today who express dissatisfaction with their condition in life will profit by ceasing their lamentation long enough to look into the early struggles of the immortal Lincoln. They will find, most of them, that they now are, and always have been, a thousand times better off in most respects than was Lincoln. His entire boyhood and manhood was filled with the direst poverty—a never-ending struggle for plain food and very simple clothing. However, instead of bewailing his circumstances in life, he cheerfully and constantly sought to improve them. So successful was he in this determination that fifty-two years after his birth in that humble log house he had the honor of making his home in the White House at Washington.

Two prominent elements of his greatness—his education and his moral courage—are emphasized, not only because of their importance as factors in his success but also because of their educational significance. Many claim that Lincoln was not an educated man, because he was not graduated from any college or university and could not even in that day have gained admission to them. But I believe that Lincoln was educated in the best and broadest sense of the term. Education is the acquirement of experience by self-activity functioning in right habits. And certainly Lincoln squared his education by this rule. Lincoln's moral courage was the most conspicuous element of his greatness, and the greatest factor in the preservation of the Union. A weaker man, a less courageous man, confronted with Lincoln's difficulties and beset as he was by advisers of every creed and faith, might have been deceived by the enemies of the republic or misled by well-meaning friends into the adoption of a peace policy.

In enumerating the elements of this great man we must not forget his honesty. The most conspicuous trait of his character all his life long was honesty of purpose in all things; not only commonplace material honesty in dealings, but honesty in language and in thought; honesty of mind, so that he could never practice the most tempting of all deceits, the deceiving of himself. This pervasive honesty was the distinguishing trait of his identity and persisted to the end. When other traits seemed to be changing, appearing and disappearing, and bewildering the observer of his career, all the while his universal honesty held the respect of friend and foe, of nations as well as individuals.

To illustrate another quality of Lincoln, his kindness, let me tell you the following story: "During the Civil War a Mrs. Amanda Smith's husband was wounded, and with her baby she went to the hospital at Washington to take care of him. After he recovered, she stayed on to care for others. There Lincoln saw her and was deeply impressed by the woman's devotion to the needs of the injured. Her baby attracted Lincoln's attention, and, realizing that the child was a burden and anxiety to the loyal nurse, he arranged for its care in the White House while the mother was busy in the hospital." I wonder how many of our presidents would have shown the same thoughtfulness. You will say they are concerned with other more important things. This is very true. But the fact that Lincoln found time to do these simple kindnesses marks him as the biggest man the modern world has known.

We know that Lincoln was a poet, for have we not that immortal prose poem—the Gettysburg Address? We know that he was a statesman. But the South did not know for a long time, except as a kind of hear-say, that he was their friend, the one friend who had the power and the will to save it alike from its enemies and itself. The most terrible blow that could fall upon a hapless and prostrate people was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck Lincoln down. His death removed from the head of affairs the best, if not the only, friend the Southern people had at court.

Let me now pass to the closing hours of his life. He was haunted, and all his friends were haunted even more, by the thought that he would die by the hand of an assassin. Washington was and is a Southern city; the partisans of the South swarmed there. Again and again Lincoln was bidden farewell by the friends of his youth; again and again they left him with the foreboding of coming doom. Lincoln dealt tenderly with these friends, and when he was parting from them dismissed their fears with a characteristic joke. However, their foreboding proved all too true. On April 14th, 1865, he was assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth in a Washington theatre and died April 15th, amid the tears and sorrow of an entire nation. His remains were carried to Springfield, where a noble monument has been erected to his memory.

Abraham Lincoln, an ideal American gentleman, was the true representative of the people, not only for his own generation, but for all time, because he was a man among men, a man who embodied the qualities of his fellow men, but who embodied them in the highest and most unusual degree of perfection and typified all that was in the Nation of courage, of wisdom, of gentle, patient kindliness and of common sense.

—*Maycel Orwig.*

TWO LETTERS

WILLIAM JASON sat dejectedly on an overturned strawberry crate in his father's backyard. He was deep in mournful meditation, for he harbored two grudges in his heart. The first was that his schoolmaster and all the town people belittled the dignity of his nineteen years by calling him "Willie". The second, and the *one* which seemed to him the worst, was that the *one* lady to whom he had vowed eternal devotion, treated his love lightly. She was Mary Bryley, a charming, much-sought-after young lady, two years Willie's junior. Their fellow schoolmates well knew Willie's feeling for Mary and always seized every opportunity to show him how hopeless was his love for her. This had gone on for several weeks, and naturally Willie longed to "show them".

So on this day he was deep in thought, trying to formulate some plan by which he might accomplish *this very thing.* As yet he had thought of no practical proceeding; but, happening to turn his head, his eyes fell upon a corner of the box upon which he was sitting. As he bent over to observe more closely, this is what he read:

"Miss Madeline Sombey,

Asheville, Tenn."

To his mind's eyes came the picture of the girl who might worthily bear the name "Madeline" and be the owner of the beautiful handwriting which appeared even on such an insignificant thing as the strawberry box, but perhaps she had stood near the crate which awaited shipment and had idly written her name and address upon it, or she might even be some rosy farmer lass.

Whatever she was, Willie knew she must be beautiful, for was not her name beautiful? Willie believed in names. He thought it even more beautiful than "Mary". Thinking of the two names recalled Mary to his mind and he believed that he now saw how he could "show her" or, at least, gain consolation for himself.

Why not write to this unknown Madeline? He had her address and what stood in his way? He would ask for her picture and would send one of his own in return. He would tell her how he longed for the friendship of a girl who would understand. It seemed the more he thought of the plan, the better.

He hurried to his room, away from the prying eyes of his little sister, Edith. He poured all his long-pent-up desires into that letter. He wrote

that he believed Fate had this in store for them, else why should he come by her address instead of someone's else?

For one long week he waited in anxious expectation for the answer. At last one day he was met at the door by his little sister Edith, who waved a white envelope in the air and called, "Here's a letter for you, Willie; kin I see it when you've finished with it?"

"No!" exclaimed Willie. The very idea of letting this crude infant see so precious a missive!

He hurried upstairs and examined the letter. Yes, it was in the same neat and beautiful handwriting with which he was already familiar. He eagerly tore it open, and read her acknowledgement of his letter. This is what he read:

"Dear Willie:

"Your letter was very nice, but ma won't let me write to young gentlemen, and she said it was a crazy idea for me to put my name on a perfectly good strawberry crate in the first place. I'm sending you my picture, anyway, because I think it's a nice one. I hope you will like it.

"Yours respectfully,

"Madeline Sombey."

Dazedly Willie picked up the envelope, which had slipped unnoticed to the floor. Inside was a snapshot. Madeline had told the truth when she said it was a good picture. But, Oh! how unlike the Madeline Willie had pictured in his mind!

With pigtails happily awry, white, even teeth, showing plainly between widespread lips, a little negro girl gazed merrily at Willie from the picture.

For many days Willie kept away from Mary, fearing that she would read in his eyes the secret—for a secret, Willie vowed it should always be. At last he came to the sensible conclusion that he had learned a lesson and that hereafter he would let Love take its own course.

—Martha Barneko.

A LOVER OF NATURE

H, how I love all buds that blow,
All flowers of field and comb.
I love the work of nature so
I have to take them home.

For like a babe, I needs must clutch
The pretty things I see;
I love the lovely flowers so much
I cannot let them be.

From meadow, marsh and wood I take
Enough to load a truck;
The branch was made for me to break,
The rose for me to pluck.

With dogwood boughs I freight my car,
And heaps of trailing vine;
I can't enjoy them where they are,
I have to make them mine.

—*William Blaese.*

SMILE A WHILE

HINGS a lookin' sorta blue
Better grin.
Do not stretch your face so long,
Make it thin.
Pull your chin up half a mile,
Square your shoulders,
Crack a smile,
You will find it worth your while,
So begin.

—*Harold Pulver.*

THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION

BACK in the year 1898 the United States undertook the great task of civilizing the natives of the Philippine Islands. During the twenty-five years that have elapsed since that time we have more and more been made to realize the enormity of our task.

The Philippines, taken and colonized by Spain a century before any permanent settlements were made in America, consist of three thousand one hundred and forty-one islands far out in the Pacific Ocean. Seven-eighths of this number have an area of less than one square mile and only nine have an area of more than ten thousand square miles. Their population when we took them over was about seven millions, and now number eleven millions. The natives vary in race from brown Malays to black, wolly-headed Negritos; in religion from Christians to Mohammedans and pagans, and in civilization from college graduates to naked savages. They were under Spanish oppression for three hundred years and their degree of advancement in civilization during that time was very slight. The population is centered chiefly on twelve large islands, the largest of which is Luzon, and the government headquarters of the islands is located at the city of Manila. Each community speaks in a dialect somewhat different from that of its neighbors, which adds to the difficulty of civilizing them. The United States, in accordance with the treaty made between our government and Spain at the close of the Spanish-American War, paid Spain the sum of twenty million dollars for the Philippine Islands. Spain had held the islands only as an industrial enterprise and governed them to suit her interests. The United States had but one idea in taking over the islands, and that was "to educate the Filipinos to take care of themselves." The Philippines have cost the United States the sum of seven hundred million dollars, and no part of this amount is ever likely to be returned.

Our government found the islanders living under very sad conditions. The large city of Manila was without a sewerage system. There were no artesian wells, reservoirs, or water supply systems of any kind to be found on any of the islands. Because of the lack of drainage there were many stagnant bodies of water that were breeders of disease germs. Thousands of natives died annually from diseases. Lepers were free to roam at will upon the islands. Insane persons were often to be seen, treated like dogs, chained in front of the huts. Since there were not regulations upon commerce, many kinds of cheap and filthy foods were sold to the inhabitants by foreign countries. Our country has made wonderful transformations in these conditions. The lepers are gathered together in a colony upon one

island and are being cared for by physicians. The insane are likewise cared for. Large, modernly equipped hospitals give medical treatment to the sick people, usually free of charge. Cholera, hookworm, small-pox and many other once prevalent diseases have been mastered and brought under control by our workers there. Such benefits derived from science and invention as we enjoy have followed the American industrial enterprises into the islands and are found in common use there. Manila is now a well regulated city having a police force, traffic police, street cars, street lights, and other conveniences of modern life.

There is a cry in the air from certain Filipinos for absolute independence. The cry has been heard ever since Admiral Dewey won the battle of Manila in 1898, and each day it grows louder. We dare not ignore it. It deserves our utmost attention. We, too, at one time were without our independence. We, too, made a cry, an appeal, a plea, and we were answered in scorn. We then selected the only natural course and gained freedom, which is very sacred to every people. We released the Filipinos from their subjection to Spain and deemed it necessary, in order that the entire population might enjoy liberty, to educate them. The question now confronting us is, "Are the Filipinos ready for absolute independence?"

In dealing with this question of the Philippines we must remember that our colonies were the offspring of a highly civilized nation and that the Philippines when taken over by the United States were populated by a barbarous, semi-civilized people. We must also remember that the United States has not been receiving personal gain by keeping the islands but that they have been a large item of expense. The resources of the islands are being developed almost extensively enough now, however, to pay for the public improvements being made.

The chief objections to our withdrawal from the Philippines at the present time are: first, they could not offer resistance to other countries; second, free trade with the United States, which lends the islanders their chief financial support, would be apt to be discontinued; third, during the World War a trial and failure at self-government was actually made by the leaders of the upper-class, who are the ones now wanting absolute independence; and last, to withdraw our supervision at this time from over the islands would not be extending independence to all of the inhabitants, a thing which we promised to do.

The safety of the Filipinos today lies in the protection afforded them by the United States government. The islanders have not a single soldier or war vessel. Nor have they the money to maintain a small army or fleet. They do have great mineral resources, while Japan, a strong and powerful neighbor, has none. Suppose one of the Japanese inhabitants of the Philip-

pines should be murdered, an occurrence which the Japanese government officials could easily have take place should they find the islands without protection. Japan would then immediately place a garrison of soldiers on the islands to establish its peace, and it would be only another short step to assume control over the people. It would be a feat as easy for Japan to accomplish as it was for Germany and Austria to start a World War because of a murder that took place outside the possessions of either of them. It is not difficult to realize the risk the Filipinos would be undergoing without some substantial means of protection.

In their present financial conditions, the whole economic structure of the islanders is based upon free trade with the United States. Their trade does not mean much to us because there are many other markets to which we may sell our goods. On the other hand, our trade means everything to them. They have no ships in which to deliver to other countries, nor can they find so ready a market for their produce as the United States. If our government should grant perfect freedom to these people, complaints made by jealous countries would undoubtedly bring a sudden end to their free trade with the United States. The Filipinos could not rightly expect us to extend greater trading privileges to them, after we release our jurisdiction over the islands, than we extend to other countries. On the other hand, foreign countries would not be backward about asking for the same favors we extend to the Filipinos. Since it has never been an American policy to grant free trade to independent regimes, it would be natural that we refuse free trade to the Islanders. The Filipinos' financial success, therefore, lies in the continuance of our supervision over them.

The Filipinos, as I have said, experienced a trial at self-government during the World War. Major Harrison, who acted as governor over the Islands at that time, boasted that he was "in all but race a Filipino." This, no doubt, explains why Mr. Harrison sacrificed the dignity of the United States Government and relinquished his own authority to let some ambitious Filipino politicians and himself experiment with their government. Harrison and his friends in power created a Council of State which replaced the Executive Department. Harrison, who acted as President, had little or no power superior to that of the other members of the Council. Manuel Quezon, the most influential of the Filipino upper-class leaders, held very high powers in this Council of State. It will be remembered that President Wilson, to whom Governor Harrison was directly responsible, was at that time busily engaged conducting our war affairs against Germany. The newly formed branch of government, the Council of State, made one very serious mistake. It used the money in the Filipino treasury to speculate with and went into debt to a sum of one hundred million dol-

lars. Since the credit of these island people is guaranteed by our government, it was necessary to issue bonds for the amount, which were purchased by the people of the United States. It is because of this debt that the natives would be unable to build any means of protection should they be granted independence. Since Governor-General Wood has represented our government there, he has had to use all of the power and authority granted him by the United States to maintain his rights. Recently, Quezon, who is eager to get the reins of the government into his own hands, has in behalf of the Independence Commission demanded the recall of Governor Wood and has requested the appointment of a Filipino governor. They have, however, as I have already shown, proved themselves incapable of self-government and have placed themselves in a financial situation which makes independence very impracticable.

My final reason, and I should say greatest reason, why withdrawing our supervision over the islands now would be extremely objectionable to both our government and to most of the Filipinos, is the fact that such a withdrawal would not be giving liberty to the majority of the inhabitants. We are duty bound to grant absolute independence to the Filipinos as soon as they are ready to receive it, because our purpose in taking them over was to educate them to take care of themselves. They are not being oppressed by the United States government, but have many representatives in their own government. During our administration of twenty-five years over the islands, the inhabitants have realized a far greater progress than they had during the three hundred years of their subjection to Spanish rule. We have also spent an enormous sum of money on the Philippines, which we hope has brought the day close at hand when the Filipinos will be able to govern themselves. It is my honest belief that should we cease to give our aid, support, direction, and protection to these people we would be giving liberty and freedom only to the upper-class of the people, which consists of about sixty to eighty thousand, and would very probably be ending the chances of the vast majority of these eleven million people ever obtaining their independence. We would thereby be defeating our purpose in taking them over. The power would naturally fall into the hands of the leaders of the upper class, who have been trying so hard to obtain it. This upper class, the people of which are a mixed blood of the natives, Japanese, and Chinese, would perhaps form an autocracy. Its strongest leader would control the government and become a monarch if he wished. Further advancement in civilization could be withheld from the rest of the people if the ruling class so desired. Who could keep such a thing from taking place? The one way to avoid such an occurrence is the method already adopted by our government. It merely consists in withholding ab-

solute independence until the entire population is prepared to receive it. We must continue our good work in the islands by educating the natives and spreading civilization throughout all the Philippines until all the inhabitants can take a part in and be a part of their government. When the Filipinos are able to govern themselves by a system of government similar to our own, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, our country shall extend absolute independence to them, and the satisfaction we receive from the accomplishment of so noble a task will be ample pay for our work upon the Philippine Islands.

—*Russell Seymour.*

TO A SENIOR

AH, sigh not, saddened Senior,
For the good old days of yore;
They never will be forgotten—
Come and grieve thyself no more.

Thy place is with the worldly,
Thy life is gay and free;
Shall we never hear of thy deeds,
O Senior brave, from thee?

Thou had'st more education
Than many a one has had;
And it should be thy pride and joy
To make the world thus glad.

—*Marguerite Lunbeck.*

HIGH SCHOOL HAPPENINGS

SEPTEMBER

3—Labor Day—Once again the old high school doors are thrown open and eager students rush in. Attempting to herd the Freshmen, the teachers shout directions frantically, and try not to weaken under the sophisticated glances of the Seniors. Our new instructors are introduced today, and we cordially invite them to try and teach us something.

4—Vernal Sheets is first to attempt a nose-dive off the platform. Why can't these emulators of Annette Kellerman have another springboard?

5—The Seniors, usually criterions of conduct, forget their dignity and nearly come to blows in chemistry. However, Captain Aylesworth pilots them safely through the storm.

6—Freshmen are instructed in their main duty in high school, namely, picking up small pieces of paper left by someone else.

7—Miss Benney again lets us in on the mystery and intrigue of taking books out of the reference room.

10—Blue Monday. The over-worked pupils now have acquired a wan and haggard look that comes from excessive studying during the week end.

11—Mr. Hughart speaks on "Thrift", and we all resolve to save our pennies.

12—"Nate" Worstell displays his musical ability by moving the piano.

13—Orchestra organized.

14—"Sheik" Gannon gets a black eye in football (?).

17—A poor Freshman is caught in the act of writing a "dirty, nasty note".

19—Thrift Club started.

21—Yell practice. Premiums for leather lungs.

22—Football—East Chicago 12, Valpo 12.

25—Everybody r u s h e s something through for exhibit at the Fair. Sometimes nothing is rushed.

27—March to the Fair Grounds. We do our stuff.

28—Half holiday given to attend the Fair. The pigs are the exhibit.

OCTOBER

1—Seniors select Smiling Nathan Worstell for class president. Congratulations, "Nate"!

2—We go through the ordeal of looking pleasant to have our pictures taken en masse.

4—Martin Wheeler forgets that he is not yet the principal, and rings the tardy bell.

6—More football. Froebel vs. Valpo. Score not reported here.

9—Several Seniors seek sauciness in smart sweaters.

12—Our teachers go to South Bend. None get lost.

13—Valpo skids through sea of mud to beat LaPorte, 12-0.

15—Seniors select their class pin in one meeting.

16—High school shebas conceive another fad and now the barbers' slogan is, "We give shingles that don't leak."

17—Reverend Wharton speaks on Vocational Education.

19—Mr. Jessee kicks an ink bottle for a goal.

20—Whiting 9, Valpo 6.

23—Miss Benney entertains English VII by mending blotters during recitation.

25—Why are those Freshmen so dilatory in paying their dues?

26—Girls' basketball team organized.

27—During chemistry class, Messrs. Douglas and Eschell hold a little private conversation which Mr. Pauley terms a "recitationette".
30—Martha Parker becomes reckless and tears down part of the Renaissance tapestry around the platform.
31—Hallowe'en. Everyone afraid to go home.

NOVEMBER

1—Howard Aylesworth thinks one day too short for celebrating Hallowe'en and brings his tick-tack to school.
2—Dismissed to see University slaughter Lewis Institute, 110-0.
8—Mr. Jessee says we may chew gum, but likewise we must chew the wrappers. Anyway, don't throw them on the floor.
12—Armistice Day. Dismissed for the afternoon.
13—Mr. Pauley demonstrates projectroscope.
14—Juniors win inter-class basketball trophy.
15—Avis Worstell wonders if the Red Cross Knights of Sir Arthur's time correspond with the Red Cross soldiers of today.
16—Pepperinoes organize.
17—Mr. Spickler, champion bicycle rider and former football star, lectures on the evils of tobacco.
28—English V program on Our Constitution.
29—Turkey Day. No school.
30—Senior Vaudeville, a musical and financial success.

DECEMBER

3—Ida Campbell elected student manager of the girls' basketball team.
4—Seniors go through agony of having their pictures taken for the Annual.
7—Elkhart 19, Valpo 21.
8—LaPorte 22, Valpo 25. Schenckmen get away to a good start.
12—Valpo 30, Rensselaer 13. One more.
12—Representatives of Chesterton high school visit here.
13—Miss Darby gives a musicale.
14—Hammond 26, Valpo 27.
15—Plymouth 36, Valpo 37. The locals still going strong.
18—Only five more days to do our Christmas shopping. Hurrah ! ! The School Board buys a pencil sharpener!
19—Reverend Ayres has charge of chapel exercises.
20—Froebel 20, Valpo 30. Who says we haven't a good team?
21—English II gives a reading of Whittier's "Snowbound". Dismissed for the holidays. We wish you all a Merry Christmas!

JANUARY

4—East Chicago 36, Valpo 27. Well?
7—All are so burdened with New Year's resolutions that they can't study.
8—Miss Benney keeps nine students until five o'clock to give book reviews.
11—Valpo 48, Kewanna 22. An overwhelming win.
15—Exams ! ! !
18—Dorothy Ellis takes a note to Mr. Jessee, as requested.
21—Another influx of freshies. How are the fat ones going to sit three in a seat?
22—Does Alice Ludington belong to the faculty, or is she just a visitor?
25—Valpo 27; Whiting 39. Here.
26—Valpo 35; Warsaw 36. There.
30—Howard Eschell amuses the students with a demonstration of the new indoor sport game of "criss-cross".

FEBRUARY

4—Biggest sleet storm of a decade. Business suspended, but school continues as usual.
5—The electric lights play wink all morning.
8—Valpo 35; East Chicago 27. Here.

12—English IV celebrates Lincoln's birthday recounting anecdotes of his early days.

13—Wayne Zerber causes much commotion by sitting on Nathan Worstell's foot, mistaking it for his chair.

22—Rev. Burns talks on Lincoln and Washington.

27—English IV presents a program on the prominent men of the day.

29—Tourney at Gary.

MARCH

1—Tourney at Gary. Nothing to say, and we say it.

3—Seniors get orders to be measured for new clothes—caps and gowns.

6—English V Morality play. Wonder if the point gets across?

12—Chief Red Fox speaks—ten minutes' overtime.

17—St. Patrick's Day. No trouble to be green.

20—After long and determined effort, the platform bell is put out of commission. We are now aroused for our classes by a dinner-bell.

25—Dayton Stanton's hair stands at a right angle. He must have changed his hair tonic.

26—Rev. Ayres speaks on "Obedience".

27—Miss Crum talks on "Thrift" and inspires us to save our pennies.

31—Gum chewing has become an important plank in Mr. Jessee's platform.

APRIL

1—April Fool's Day. The best joke is "Horny" parading down the assembly with his bandana hanging from a hip pocket.

2—The Seniors condescended to orate; several speeches of Thomas Jefferson furnished the subject matter.

3—Our former music teacher, Miss Higbee, visits us.

5—For the second time, Wayne Zerber is sharply reprimanded from the platform and requested to stop his interesting conversation.

6—Operetta.

9—Lois Mae Whitehead absent-mindedly mistakes the French class room for her boudoir, and takes off her slippers.

10—Girls' volley ball team organized.

11—Junior boys give part of Henry VI; no casualties from the sword play.

15—Prof. Boucher yawns so loudly in the assembly that he awakens most of the students. Very sad.

16—English III gives a program on Indiana authors.

17—Faculty beats the Seniors at baseball.

18—Mr. S. L. Finney presents a flag to the High School.

23—English II gives a program to celebrate Arbor Day.

25—We are entertained by several of our talented girls.

28—Now that many of the teachers have their hair bobbed, it is difficult to distinguish the faculty from the students (?).

29—Dan Wood's recitation was a success, though he had overlooked reading over that part of "Proper Platform Appearance" which particularly states that the nether part of the shirt must be tucked within, and never without.

30—Senior Play, "The Genius".

MAY

2—Prom.

6—THE 1924 VALENIAN GOES TO PRESS!

SUCH A LANGUAGE

"MY boy, he learn-a de Italian easy," said Giovanni when asked how the youngster was getting along in the public school, "but de Englis' maka heem craz' in de head; she don' soun' de way she look."

Read the following and you will see what Giovanni had in mind when he made his statement:

If daughter equals dawter and slaughter equals slawter, why does not laughter equal lawter?

Reverse it and if laughter is lafter, why is not daughter dafter, and slaughter slafter?

Enough is enuff, but cough is not cuff. However, if cough is cawf shouldn't enough be enawf?

Plough is pronounced plow and bough is bow, but cough is not cow.

A little Italian in the first throes of his struggle with such a mixture if, knowing that cough is pronounced coff, he should be asked to spell coffee, could not be severely criticised when he proudly printed on the black-board—coughphee.

This little bit of intimate contact with the struggling student of English makes us understand why Benito has a far away look in his eyes as he superintends Jocko's hunt for his small deer, or why he stares vacantly into space as he slips three too-far-gone bananas into our dozen.

But again, on the other hand, yet—

How many of our boys could make any better progress in the study of Benito's soft Italian mother-tongue in the same six months?

BETTER ACCOMMODATIONS DESIRED

(With apologies to Irvin S. Cobb)

The gentleman who approached the box office had evidently been drinking something stronger than citrate of magnesia. He was slightly wavery on his pins, but still able to navigate, and there was nothing about him calculating to create the suspicion that he might become disorderly.

"Gimme a good seat for the show," he said.

"Sorry," answered the theatre treasurer, "but we haven't got a seat in the house. There is nothing but standing room left and that's pretty well sold out up to the limit."

"Gimme standin' room, then," ordered the patron.

He received a ticket, paid for it, and passed inside.

The opening act was hardly under way when he reappeared at the window.

"Such a crowd in there I can't see a thing," he explained. "Gimme more standing room."

THE DUNES OF INDIANA

(Editorial)

A GREAT deal has been written about the Dune Region of our state.

Long before the advent of the first white explorers and adventurers who pushed their way westward in the pre-pioneer days, this section had been a haunting, unsolved mystery.

For miles along the southern shore of Lake Michigan and extending northward as far again, lay these hills of ever-drifting sands, covered with scrub timber, tangled brush, and lofty pines. The valleys between consisted of small pools of limpid water surrounded by thickets of willow, alder and sumac, huckleberry and dogwood, thickly interspersed with wild rice, semi-aquatic shrubs and plants, wild flowers and marsh grasses, in an ever-changing color picture. These marshes, in the earlier days, furnished breeding grounds and feeding places for the millions of wild game birds with which the country teemed.

The Indians, and even the white men, felt the mysterious thrill of this vast domain of silence, broken only by echoes of the pounding surf of the great lake, now and then by the crash of some mighty monarch of the forest, as the driving winds drew the swirling sands from its roots and bore it down to be buried in a few years by the very earth that had supported it. The raucous cries of the circling shore-birds, startled into flight, added to the feeling akin to terror that hung over them as they passed over the trails leading to the marshy bottoms of the mighty Calumet.

Within the last two or three years, however, much of this has been changed. The Dunes Highway, a modern cement road, now takes the sightseers in their motor-driven vehicles across the north end of our state, skirting the very edge of the southern boundary of the Dunes and following closely the old trader and Indian trails which carried the traffic between Detroit and Chicago in earlier days.

Many summer cottages have been built within the last few years, and the beauty of this scenic wonderland has been marred in places by the erection and maintenance of buildings and resorts catering to pleasure lovers rather than Nature lovers. The Dune Land will lose much of its picturesque wildness and charm if the state does not take some legislative measures to insure the preservation of one of *Nature's wonders.*

PATIENCE

NEVER you mind the crowd, lad,
Nor fancy your life won't tell;
The work is done for all that, lad,
To him who doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad,
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowds at the base, lad,
But there's always room at the top.

Courage and faith, and patience, lad,
There's space in the old world yet;
You stand a better chance, lad,
The further along you get.

Keep your eye on the goal, lad,
Never despair or drop;
Be sure your path leads up, lad,
There's always room at the top.

—*Hubert Miller.*

ZIP
NONE O' YER LIP, YOU IMPUDENT APPLE!
THE EDITOR DREAMS

Coach Ralph Schenck

Athletics

RALPH SCHENCK

E KNOWS basketball. He has played it with the best. He can teach basketball. He has introduced several innovations which have been promptly adopted by other coaches. That's Ralph Schenck, former Lebanon High School and Indiana State Normal star, in whose hands athletics were placed in the fall of 1920. His striking originality and inventive genius in devising strategic plays puts him in a class by himself.

The position of coach at this school is no bed of roses. Owing to lack of a gym and equipment, athletic facilities are decidedly limited, and until this year he had no assistant. Despite these handicaps he has always put a winning team in the field.

During his four years here he has gained the full confidence of his players and in this time has developed some of the strongest quintets in northern Indiana.

THE SEASON'S RESULTS

DECEMBER

7	Valpo, 21	Elkhart, 19.
8	Valpo, 25	LaPorte, 22.
14	Valpo, 27	Hammond, 26.
15	Valpo, 37	Plymouth, 36.
21	Valpo, 30	Froebel (Gary), 20.

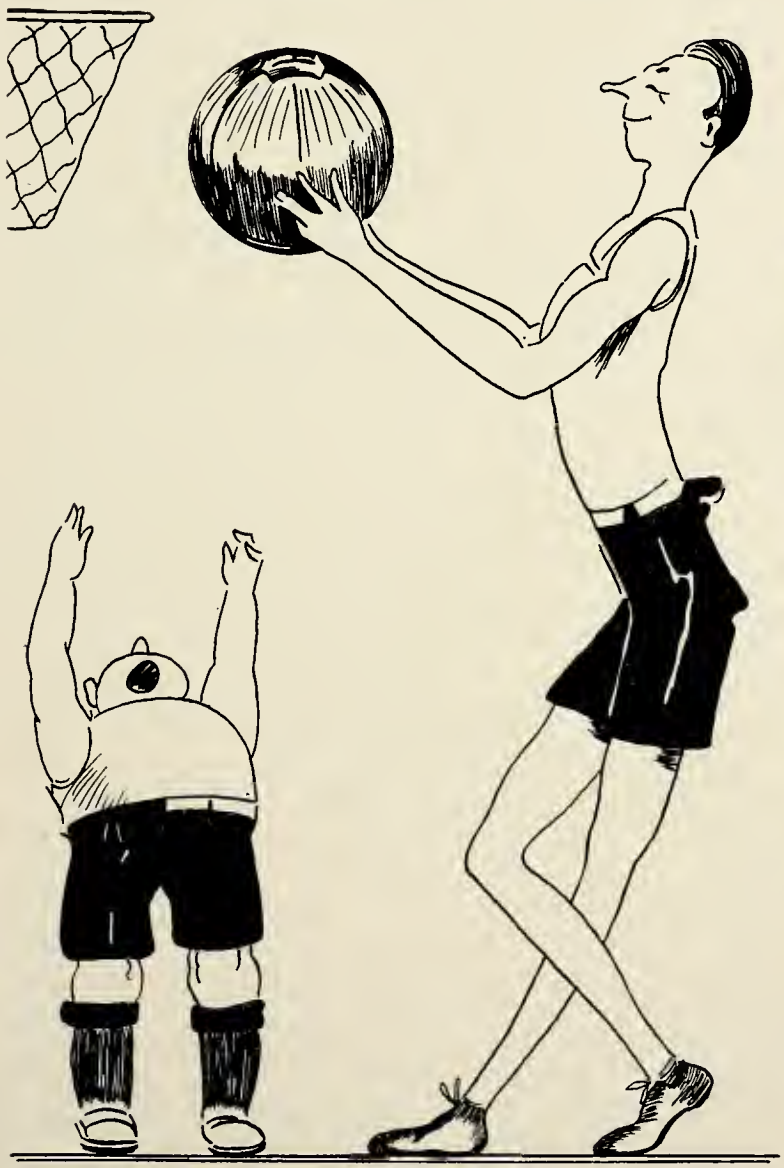
JANUARY

4	Valpo, 27	East Chicago, 36.
11	Valpo, 48	Kewanna, 22.
12	Valpo, 30	Rensselaer, 13.
18	Valpo, 37	Plymouth, 29.
19	Valpo, 32	LaPorte, 30.
25	Valpo, 27	Whiting, 39.
26	Valpo, 35	Warsaw, 36.

FEBRUARY

1	Valpo, 27	Lowell, 16.
2	Valpo, 34	Froebel (Gary), 31.
8	Valpo, 35	East Chicago, 27.
15	Valpo, 21	Culver, 25.
16	Valpo, 49	Kewanna, 8.
22	Valpo, 52	Lowell, 17.

Basket Ball



VARSITY BASKETBALL SQUAD

First Row—Aylesworth (Manager), Shurr, Hart, Lowenstine, Horan, Coach Schenck.

Second Row—Spindler, Brown, G. Douglas, H. Douglas (Captain), LePell, White.

SPILLING THE DOPE

THE past season was among the most successful in the history of the school. Eighteen games braced the 1923-24 schedule and fourteen of them resulted in victories for the Valpo five. Considering the number of reversals possible in a season of basketball, we feel that the crafty Schenck established an excellent record.

A large and enthusiastic squad of players reported for the first official practice in the university gymnasium. Six veterans of last year's varsity were out for berths on the team and prospects were bright for a formidable crew. With the help of Assistant Coach Brown, the Valpo mentor whipped a classy coterie into shape for the opening game with Elkhart

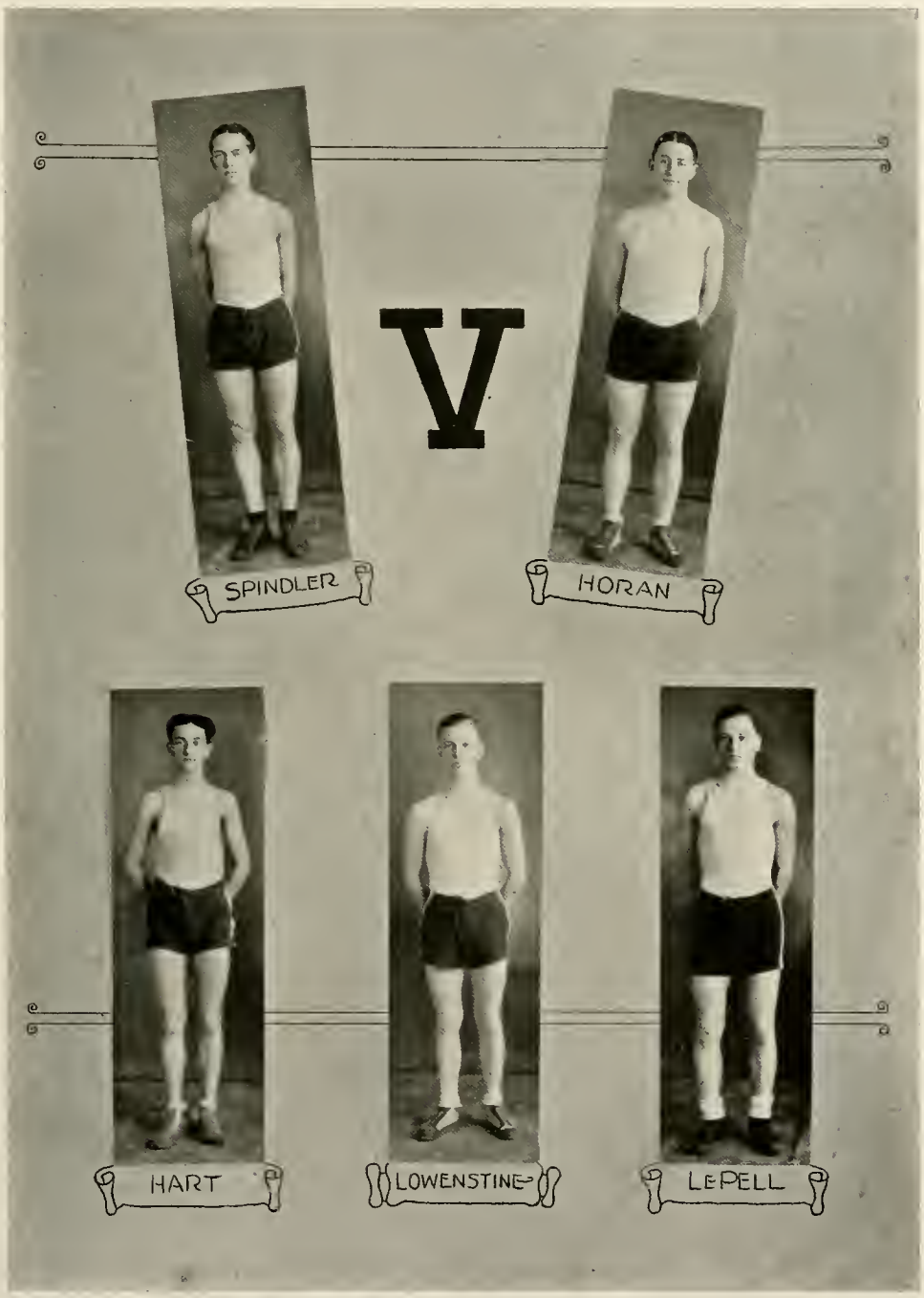
on December 7. The locals won five consecutive victories—Elkhart, LaPorte, Hammond, Plymouth and Froebel tumbling in a row. Whiting, East Chicago, Warsaw and Culver took the measure of the Schenck men. Of these Whiting, with its dazzling offensive attack, was the only team to annex a victory on the home floor. East Chicago was crushed in a return battle and the Green and White twice overcame Lowell, LaPorte, Froebel, Kewanna, and Plymouth. Rensselaer also fell in an easy game by a count of 30—13.

RESERVE BASKETBALL SQUAD

First Row—Moltz, Bowman, Lytle, Hildreth, Miller.
Second Row—Bush (Captain), Collins, Ebersold, Tousley, Wood.
Third Row—Hart, Ruge, Coach Brown, Sanford, Lowenstine.

Coach Brown's buccaneers ripped and tore their way through every barrier. Fighting demons on defense, no pirate crew had anything on this gang for slashing drive. Regular teams of all the small schools were tackled and subdued. The reserves were an all-important factor in making the past season what it was. Following are players who are individually deserving of praise for their valuable work: Collins, Wood, Moltz, Ebersold, Sanford, Ruge, Bush, Lytle, Bowman, Lowenstine, Hart, Miller, Tousley, and Hildreth.

V
SHURR
G. DOUGLAS
H. DOUGLAS
WHITE
BROWN


V
SPINDLER
HORAN
HART
LOWENSTINE
LEPELL

JOSEPH BROWN

A pleasing personality, a sterling athlete, and a coach who came to us from Indiana State Normal, where for two seasons he captained the strong basket-ball five of that institution. This is his first year at Valparaiso High School, but he has proved himself an able coach and a valuable asset to athletics. He assisted Pilot Schenck and took charge of the reserve squads. In addition he made a winner of the girls' basket-ball team.

HAROLD SHURR
Captain-Elect

This diminutive sharpshooter has been elected leader of the 1924-25 quintet and the coming season will be his third and last year on the varsity. "Mike" has been a brilliant performer in the past and will no doubt achieve even dizzier heights of stardom as he guides the Green and White through its winter campaign. A tenacious guard and a fast, brainy floor man with a keen eye for the basket, is no drawback to any team. He could always hit the hoop when his mates were shy on points. Still, he is not an individual star but a player whose indomitable will and fighting spirit will go far toward making the 1925 combination a winning one.

FOOTBALL?

VERNON HAUFF, *Manager*

Veterans all were members of the 1923 football team. Every regular had at least one year's previous experience. Coach Schenck mapped out a heavy program calling for five games in as many weeks, but strenuous pre-season practice just before the summer vacation gave the local boss a chance to size up his material, and when school opened in September the varsity machine was well on its way to perfection. East Chicago and LaPorte were encountered at home and Hammond, Froebel and Whiting furnished opposition away.

Hardened by a two weeks' training camp grind, East Chicago invaded Brown Field for the opening skirmish. The day was ideal for football and the fans were eager for victory. As the first half got under way, Shinabargar scooped up a fumble and raced forty yards for a touchdown. After the second kickoff, Valpo pushed the tribe of Smith back with bone-crushing drives until G. Douglas broke loose on a long end run and scampered through a broken field for six more points. Both tries for goals were missed. The big crimson eleven employed a concentrated line-punching attack in the second session and scored twice, once by straight football and once on an intercepted pass. The game ended with East Chicago in possession of the ball on her own one-foot line. Score: Valpo 12, East Chicago 12.

Hammond was the strongest combination the Schenck men faced during the season. The Purple played superior football, but fought every step of the way for a victory over McCord's crew. Score: Hammond 13, Valpo 0.

On October 6 we took the count at Froebel. Casualties and the well-drilled Orsborn backfield, featuring Mr. Hatrak, helped to raise the score, which the victors drove and passed to 27.

Backed as usual by a big crowd of rooters, LaPorte came over expecting an easy victory, but had no chance. The visitors' line was shredded

into small bits by our forward wall, and Gustafson, LePell, and the Douglas brothers skidded through at will. Deep mud held down the Green and White score. Score: Valpo 12, LaPorte 0.

Then came heart-breaking Hart and his lucky Whiting bunch in the final contest of the year. Out-rushed, the Oilers won through the hefty booting of Kopcha and the sour attempts of the Valpo kickers. G. Douglas starred with an eighty-yard return of the kickoff at the beginning of the second half. Score: Whiting 9, Valpo 6.

All in all the season was not an exceptionally bad one. Everything possible was done by both school authorities and individuals to help the gridiron hopefuls in their work. We are especially grateful to O. F. Helvie and Leland H. Benton for their invaluable assistance in the coaching of the squad. We predict a favorable season in 1924 on the strength of the reserve material. Fred White, a clever back who was out with injuries last fall, will captain the team. Those unavailable for next year are: G. Douglas, LePell, Pulver, H. Douglas, Wittenberg, Shinabargar, McCord, Corboy, and Gustafson.

Erler, Miller, Dillingham, Sanford, McGinley, Hart, Hagen, London, Bell, Shurr, Brown, Tousley, Gordon, Stanton, Poncher, and Hinson will be excellent timber for the 1924 varsity.

AGGS McCORD—CAPTAIN

Broad shouldered and strong. The "blonde tiger's" line play was the feature of every game. His physique and fighting heart formed a combination which was unmatched for three years. Junior.

GAB PULVER

Guard and center who was never accused of serving tea from his position. Junior.

FREDDIE LEPELL

A fighting bulldog quarter who ripped up things in general. Pilot for four years. Senior.

GUSSY GUSTAFSON

Small but speedy. A fullback who could punch the line, skirt the ends, and tackle hard. Senior.

SHINNY SHINABARGAR

A sturdy tackle whose favorite trick was boring through to dump the secondary defense. Senior.

RUSS DILLINGHAM

Played his first season of varsity football. He plugged the center of the line. Sophomore.

GEORGE DOUGLAS

A wriggling, twisting drive around the other fellow's wing was his specialty. Senior.

JOHNNY LOWENSTINE

A pass-snatching wingman. Worked at end and half. Junior.

HERBIE DOUGLAS

Line-plunging, ground-gaining back. He never failed to advance the ball when yards were needed. Senior.

HENRY MILLER

The right wing of the forward wall. A reserve who came into the lime-light of varsitydom. Freshman.

CHEESE WITTENBERG

Strong defensive tackle who charged hard and was willing to hurl himself against anything, regardless of size or weight. Senior.

Phyllis Hisgen

Junior Girl Tennis Champion of Northern Indiana

PHYLLIS HISGEN

AS junior girl champion of Northern Indiana, "Phyl" tops the list of the fair racket weilders. A steady nerve, a lightning mind, and a world of speed and endurance have made the local flash supreme. We are confident she will be able to hold her enviable position in the meet at Gary in June, when she will for the first time defend her title gained last year by virtue of a victory over "Peg" Hammet, of South Bend, in the final round for the championship.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL SQUAD

First Row—Darst, Lytle, Auble, DeWitt (Captain), Vevia, Wakefield.

Second Row—Small, Hamann, Kulp, Wood, Fehrman, Nichols.

Third Row—Coach Brown, London, Bell, Stinchfield, Campbell (Manager), Coach Findley.

The fact that all the world loves a winner takes away none of the popularity of the girls' basketball team. Inaugurated at the beginning of the past season as a major sport, girls' basketball has proved more successful than could be expected by the most optimistic. The feat of meeting and conquering all comers was accomplished this year. Valparaiso, much to the team's regret, was barred from the county tournament, which was open to secondary schools only.

Success this year was largely due to Coaches Findley and Brown, whose untiring efforts served to make the initial season a winning one.

ARE YE WITH ME?
V.H.S. '24

THE FALL PUZZLE

HOW does the agile leader
Who leads the high school cheers
Contort his spinal column
To wrap around his ears?
How does he flop his ankles,
How does he hinge his knees,
To get those queer and quaint effects?
Elucidate it, please.

How does the raucous leader
Induce his vocal cords
To make those shrill satanic sounds
That thrill the happy hordes?
Why does he scamper here and there
To get so many places,
Encouraging our lads to make
Those noises with their faces?

I hear him rah-rah-rahing
Throughout our pleasant land,
And just what he is driving at
I do not understand;
I hear him shouting madly
And leaping to and fro,
But what the heck it's all about
I sure would like to know.

A POEM

'VE tried my best to write a poem.
I've tried at school, I've tried at home.
I don't know what to write about;
I wrote one poem and tossed it out.

I've tried to write a rhyme of spring,
And of the birds and flowers to sing,
But I found it can't be done,
Because the spring has not begun.

My poem must have a purpose high,
And so a moral I will try:

Some cannot write at any time:
  Poetic inspiration is what they lack;
So just write something that will rhyme,
  Even if it's handed back.

—*Ann Murvihill.*

Lillie E. Darby

Music

LILLIE E. DARBY

THROUGH the capable instruction of Miss Lillie E. Darby, Music Supervisor, the Music Club has this year reached the highest pinnacle of success in the history of the Club. Miss Darby came to us in the fall of '22, and, a very fine musician herself, has been untiring in her efforts to further the interest of Music in the High School. How well she succeeded in her efforts was demonstrated in many ways during the year.

The music class, Glee Clubs and Orchestra were reorganized this fall and, by way of something new, the String Sextette was introduced.

The crowning achievement of the music department this year was, of course, the H. M. S. Pinafore. Miss Darby's patience and perseverance in preparing this opera were rewarded by the excellence of the production. It was by far the most difficult opera ever attempted by our high school people and could not have been accomplished by a less ambitious and capable director.

THE MUSICALE

THE Musicale was put on Thursday, December 13th, by the Music Club, under the direction of Miss Darby. This is an annual event and is always much appreciated by the music lovers of the community, as was shown by the attendance on this occasion.

Program

(a) Bohemian Girl ..... *Balfe*
(b) The Trumpeter ..... *Engelmann*

High School Orchestra

Solos—

(a) The Old Road ..... *Scott*
(b) A Dream ..... *Waller*

Bruce Gordon

(a) Indian Mountain Song ..... *Cadman*
(b) Annie Laurie ..... *Scott-Parks*

Girls' Glee Club

Sextette—

(a) Traumerei ..... *Schumann*
(b) Jollification ..... *Ascher*
The Evening Wind ..... *Saint-Saens*

Girls' and Boys' Glee Club—Violin Obligato

Duet—Chanson sans Paroles ..... *Dubey*

Violin, Mary Ellen Sheley; *Harp,* Virginia Kirkpatrick

(a) The Boys of the Old Brigade ..... *Wilson*
(b) Romeo in Georgia ..... *Scott*

Boys' Glee Club

Homeless—Romance ..... *Arthur*

Junior and Senior H. S. Orchestra

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Atwell, Margaret
Comstock, Gladys
Christy, Katharine
Campbell, Ida
Dick, Margaret
Darst, Beatrice
Dieterich, Naomi
Fisher, Virginia
Foster, Isobel
Hisgen, Phyllis
Hodges, Helen
Hughart, Berneice
Jessee, Gertrude
Kirkpatrick, Virginia
Lamprecht, Marian
Lamprecht, Elizabeth
Lunbeck, Marguerite
Lannin, Dorothy
Lytle, Carolyn
Parker, Anita
Sherburne, Gladys
Shedd, Edith
Stoner, Edith
Sheley, Mary Ellen
Shurr, Frances
Thatcher, Millicent
Wittenberg, Mary
Wark, Irene
Whitehead, Lois Mae

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Tenors:

Buchanan, Edward
Christy, William
Dahl, Arthur
Davison, Edward
Dye, Guilford
Dillingham, Russell
Eschell, Henry
Finnigan, David
Hall, Fred
Hall, Leslie
Pinkus, Harold
Pulver, Harold
Seymour, Russell
Tousley, Harry
Zerber, Wayne

Basses:

Butler, Arthur
Bell, Jean
Chumley, LeRoy
Eschell, Howard
Gordon, Bruce
Higley, Richard
Klein, Joseph
Lish, Merton
Marquardt, Lewis
Nixon, James
Swartout, Tracy
Sanford, Sedgwick
Shurr, Harold
Stinchfield, Charles
Worstell, Nathan
Will, Donald

ORCHESTRA

Violins:

Eaton, Adalene

Eschell, Howard

Freeman, Althea

Prentiss, Loren

Pinkus, Harold

Swartout, Tracy

Sheley, Mary Ellen

Trombone:

Fyfe, Malcolm

Saxophones:

Ellis, John

Worstell, Nathan

Cornet:

Wade, Leslie

Clarinet:

Douglas, Herbert

Drums:

Sedgwick, Marvin

Accompanists:

Gast, Helen

Roach, Eva

String Sextette

Butler, Arthur—*'Cello*

Eschell, Howard—*Violin*

Foster, Isobel—*Accompanist*

Kirkpatrick, Virginia—*Harp*

Nixon, James—*Bass Viol*

Sheley, Mary Ellen—*Violin*

The Show Shop

SENIOR VAUDEVILLE

WE ARE sure everyone will agree that the Vaudeville given by the class of '24 was most successful. The unusual talent of the participants, combined with the able directorship, was doubtless responsible for its success.

ACT I—The String Sextette began the evening's entertainment with two very beautiful numbers. A harpist, Virginia Kirkpatrick, two violinists, Howard Eschell and Mary Ellen Sheley, a celloist, Arthur Butler, a base violinist, James Nixon, and accompanist, Isobel Foster, comprised our String Sextette.

ACT II—The short, snappy musical review, directed by Margaret Sandy, was greatly appreciated by the audience. The charming soloist, Vivian Vassow, and her dancing partner, Wayne Zerber, were ably assisted by a very attractive chorus of girls.

ACT III—"Billy" Hodges, bass violinist, brought down the house with several entertaining numbers.

ACT IV—Wandering Song Birds, Gladys Sherburne, Naomi Dieterich, Mary Coyer and Lois Mae Whitehead, presented a Gypsy Fantasy, under the direction of Miss Darby. The well-known talent of these girls was at its best in the rendition of gypsy songs.

ACT V—Miss Marian Nuppnau gave two fine readings which again demonstrated her unusual ability to a very appreciative audience.

ACT VI—The Flapper Picture Book was deserving of very high praise. Special mention must be given to the "Vamp", as portrayed by Miss Elizabeth Lamprecht.

ACT VII—Love in a Hurry, a clever comedy in one act, featuring Isobel Foster and Wayne Zerber, supported by Carolyn Lytle, Wilma McWhinney, Guilford Dye, Richard Stoner and Russell Seymour, was excellent, and the cast is to be complimented on the way in which it was rendered. The Senior Class is greatly indebted to Miss Benney for making this part of the Vaudeville possible.

H. M. S. PINAFORE
OR
THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

PINAFORE, a comic opera in two acts, was presented by the Music Club at the Memorial Opera House, April 3rd and 4th, 1924. Packed houses greeted the players at both performances.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.	James Nixon
Capt. Corcoran	Guilford Dye
Ralph Rackstraw	Harold Pulver
Dick Deadeye	Bruce Gordon
Boatswain	Sedgwick Sanford
Tom Tucker	Oliver Ewing
Josephine	Lois Mae Whitehead
Hebe	Isobel Foster
Little Buttercup	Katharine Christy
First Lord's Sisters, Cousins and Aunts	Girls' Glee Club
Sailors	Boys' Glee Club

Director	Lillie E. Darby
Assistant	Margaret Sandy
Business Manager	Olie Welty
Stage Manager	Howard Aylesworth

Scene: Quarterdeck of H. M. S. Pinafore off Portsmouth.

ACT I—Noon. ACT II—Night.

ARGUMENT

ARRANGEMENTS are made on H. M. S. "Pinafore" to entertain Sir Joseph Porter and his relations—sisters, cousins, and aunts.

Sir Joseph comes to ask Captain Corcoran for the hand of his daughter, Josephine, who is in love with a common sailor, Ralph Rackstraw.

Josephine and Ralph, encouraged by the sailors and girls, finally decide to leave the ship at night and go ashore to be married.

Dick Deadeye, a sailor, who has the faculty of always doing or saying the wrong thing, discloses their plans to the Captain, and the lovers are

caught. Ralph is ordered to the brig and Josephine is severely reprimanded.

Little Buttercup at this climax makes a startling statement that she had taken care of Ralph and Captain Corcoran when they were babies and had accidentally mixed them up.

The play closes with the usual happy ending.

DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

(By Joe Blow)

HE WALKED into the door just in time to see the kitchen sink. Terrified by the catastrophe and aghast at the prospect, he cried, "Will the coal chute?" "No," she answered, "but I think the kindling wood." Bang!

Fondly gazing into his corrugated and perspiring "map", she simpered, "Can the coffee urn a living?" "Yes, darling, if the omelette her," he managed to masticate. "Well, then, why does a wash board?" Phooey!

"Oh, yes," she articulated in accents wild, "it's the worst cup I ever saucer, since I saw the carpet warp."

"Wow!" he cried, "you have deceived me—you put the furnace out and filled the cat with coal." "What's the catsup posed to be filled with—*beans?*"

Why did that maidenlady, Miss Alt, cellar horse? Oh, the neighbors kept raisin' cane and now they've got her buggy. Oh yes, indeed!

Certainly, Madam, we have no bananas today, and for that reason a rolling pin gathers no moss. Also is the nutmeg grater than the hatchet? *Help! Succor! Assistance!*

Since Mabel got her divorce on coffee grounds she just can't settle down; even the milk gets pail when she, stool in hand, approaches the cowardly bovine infant who dashes madly through the bars of her sweet evening song to her New Haven of refuge behind the straw stack.

Judd Bush: "Whatcha mailin' those empty letters for?"

"Jack" Zimmerman: "I'm cuttin' classes in a correspondence school."

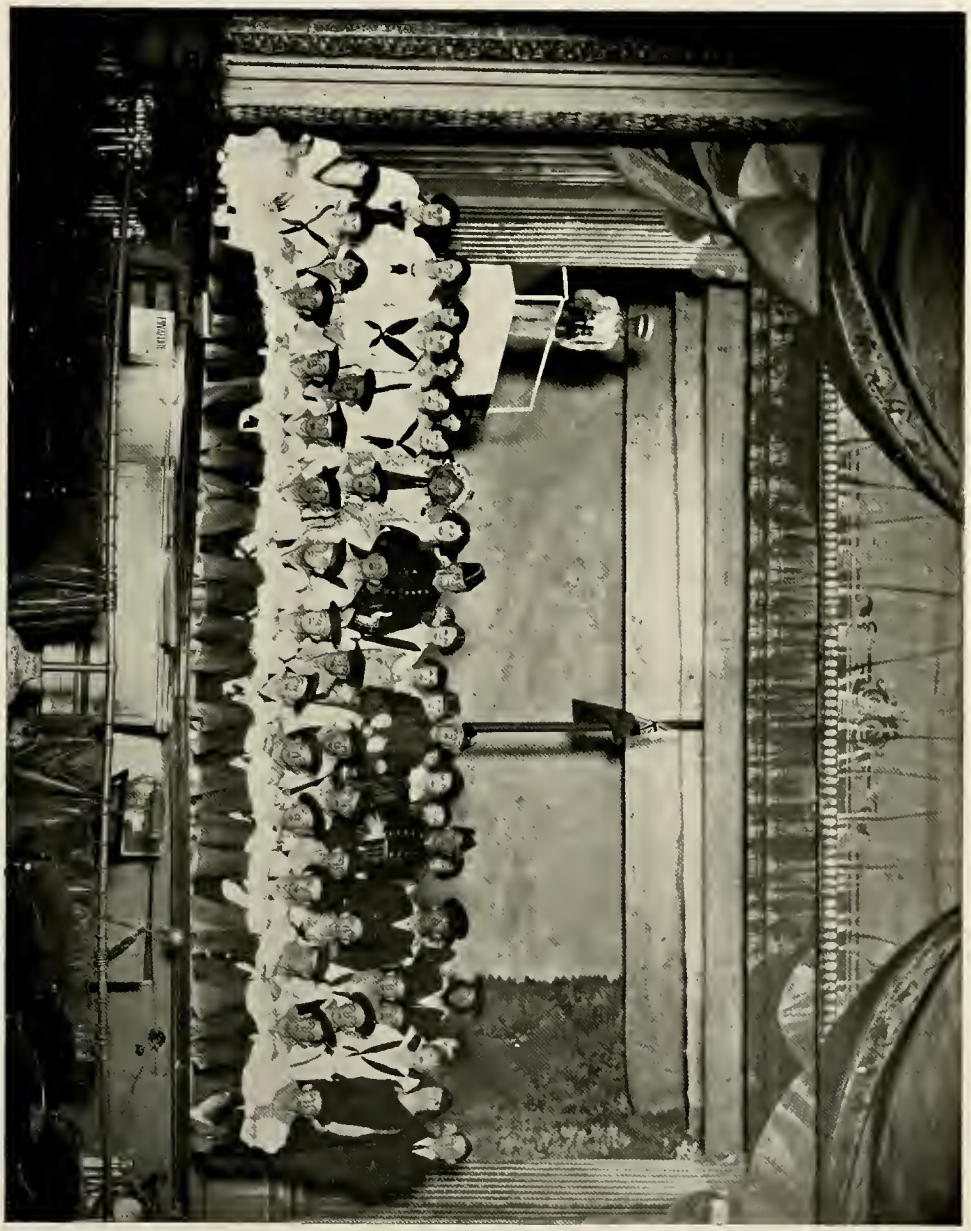
People who live in glass houses should pull down the shades.

"Hello, is Boo there?"

"Boo who?"

"There, there little girl, don't cry. I guess I have the wrong number."

A stag party is one to which the little dears are not admitted.



A DREAM

ONE cool, fall night, I sat in front of a glowing fire-place, reading. At my left stood a bridge lamp, the only light in the room except that made by the fire. Along three sides of the room there were book-cases, filled with books.

I felt drowsy after reading for so long, so I laid the book on the table beside me. While I sat there thinking, I was very much surprised to see the book opening and a little girl stepping from its pages.

"Dear reader," she said, "I am Little Nell in Old Curiosity Shop. Indeed I know you are wondering why I am here. However, in this library all the characters of these books come out for a frolic from twelve to one. If they are not back in their books by one, they are never allowed to come out again. If you would not mind, I should like to sit here and watch the frolic with you."

So she came and sat on the arm of my chair. Soon, one by one, the characters stepped from their books.

The next to approach was a small boy, who came and bowed to me. "I am Oliver Twist. You have met me before," he said.

"Indeed I have met you before. Should you not like to sit up here with Nell?"

"I should enjoy it very much."

By this time there were a great many of them, whom I recognized, gathered around me.

Little Nell told them to all get in line, so they could meet their reader.

As each one came up, he bowed and told me his name.

A very pleasant, quiet looking girl came first—"I am Miss March, in John Halifax, Gentleman, dear reader."

"I am Paul in Dombey and Son," said the next, a lad.

"I am Charles Darnay in The Tale of Two Cities."

After they had all introduced themselves, they began to dance and talk with each other. Since there were a great many I had never met, Nell introduced these to me, also. While I was watching them dance, two withdrew from the crowd and began to talk. As they were so near, I overheard their conversation. One was Charles Darnay and a gentleman I had just met, John Halifax.

"Well, how are you? Where have you been lately?" asked Charles Darnay.

"I have been visiting at the house of a school teacher. He finished me quite a while ago, but did not bring me back home until tonight, when he came to call on the master."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Yes, a fairly good time. There were so many scholarly people there, though, that I did not enjoy myself as much as I do here."

"I was over at a neighbor's house, also, for a couple of days," said Charles Darnay.

"Really? Well, you are lucky."

"Over at their house they do not have many books, but they have a great deal of music! Whew! (Here he whistled softly.) Just wonderful music. At midnight all the singers of the records come out for their frolic. It was splendid to hear them sing."

Then they moved away and joined the others. I was very much surprised on hearing their conversation. Who would ever think of their enjoying music? They thought it was wonderful to go to another house, and you really can't blame them. It must be terrible to stay in one place all the time.

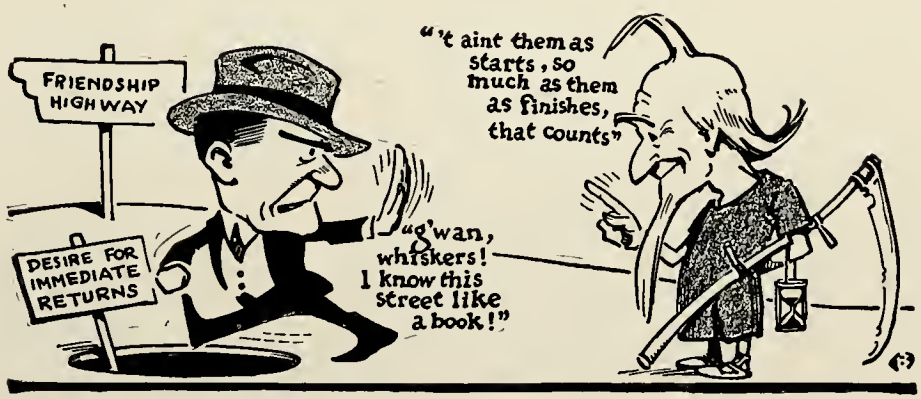
Then I thought of the rest of them, who were dancing back and forth as light as feathers. All the music they had was a weird chant which they sang in unison.

When they were at the height of their fun, the tall grandfather clock struck one, and they all scurried back to their books.

Suddenly I felt someone tugging at my hand. Behold, Little Nell had gone fast asleep on the arm of the chair and had failed to hear the clock strike one. I was trying to help her, when I suddenly awoke to find myself pulling at Daddy's hand and saying, "Hurry, Little Nell, or you will not be able to come back again."

So ended one of the prettiest dreams I have ever had or ever expect to have.

—*Ethel Schrag.*



"THE GENIUS"

THE GENIUS, a comedy in three acts, was presented by the graduating class of '24 at Memorial Opera House on Wednesday evening, April 30th. The class is greatly indebted to Mrs. C. W. Boucher, whose capable direction was very largely responsible for making the play a complete success in every way. The performance was given before a packed house.

Cast of Characters

Jack Spencer, A Man.....Howard Eschell
Otto Vogelsburger, A Musician.....Nathan Worstell
Brian McGonigal, A Sculptor.....Russell Seymour
Victor Le Mercier, A Painter.....Wayne Zerber
Percival Clutterbuck, A Connoisseur.....Howard Aylesworth
Cyril Farquhar, A Would-be Artist.....Lewis Marquardt
Cyrus Jenkens, A Business Man.....Howard Glover
Nell Graham, A Model.....Carolyn Lytle
Josephine Van Dusen, A Dillettante.....Margaret Sandy
Lilly Scott, A School Girl.....Ida Campbell
Mrs. Van Dusen, A Mother.....Mary Wittenberg
Miss Trevor, A Society Girl.....Berneice Hughart
Mrs. Van Brown-Smythe, A Lady.....Wilma McWhinney

The Crowd

George Douglas Merton Lish Edith Stoner Marion Bell
Gladys Bush Bess Crisman

Place—New York City.

Time—The Present.

Act I.—Studio of the three artists on Washington Square.

Act II.—Studio of the Genius on Fifth Avenue, two weeks later.

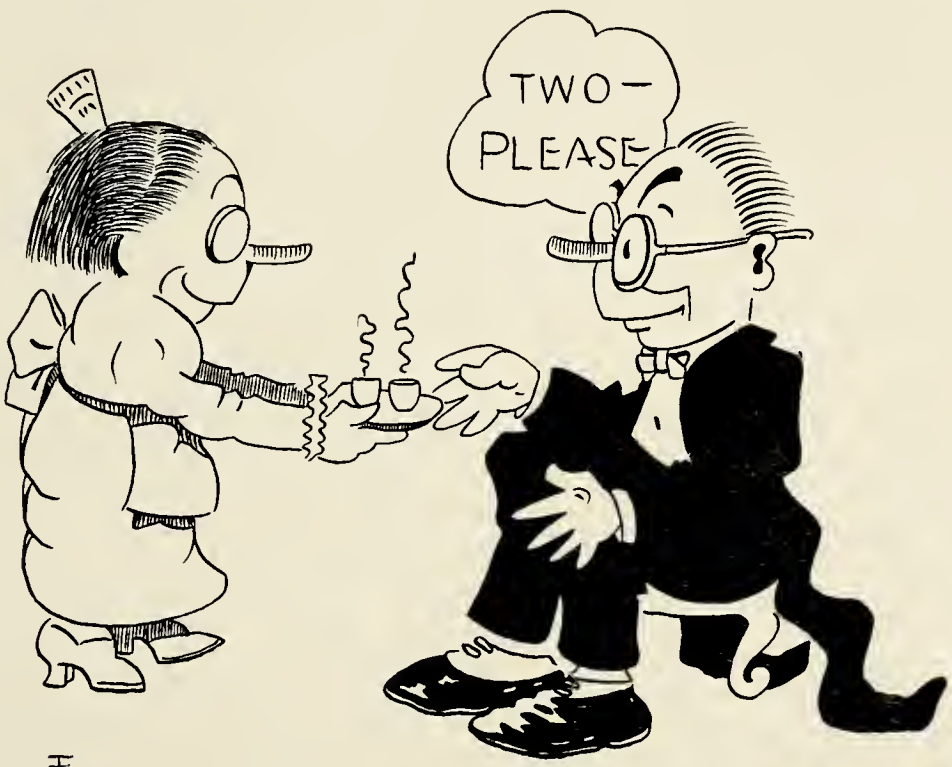
Act III.—An Art Exhibition Room, one week later.

SYNOPSIS OF "THE GENIUS"

JACK SPENCER, a wealthy young man, is in love with a girl who greatly admires artists. To further his suit, he passes himself off as a great artist. He associates himself with three students of art who do the work and pose as his students.

In this role he completely fools the public, even his rival in love, Mr. Clutterbuck, a famous art critic.

Finally, realizing that he is no longer in love with his fiancee, but loves his artist's model, he disclaims all knowledge of art, and declares his love for Nell, the model.



SOCIETY

SOCIETY

THE social season of the V. H. S. was ushered in by the ever-popular Matinee Dances at the Lincoln Way School; but these and prospects of other promising social events were brought to an abrupt conclusion when the building in which the school room was located was completely destroyed by fire early in January. It was with sincere regret that we received the sad news of this misfortune, as the old building had been the scene of many of our happiest play times.

As our class, having an enrollment of sixty-eight members, is the largest to be graduated in the history of the school, it was necessary for us either to go back to the ancient system of crowding into the Kindergarten Room of the Central Building or forego many of the pleasures we had planned in advance. As our previous experience had taught us that this crowding took much of the joy out of living in a dancing world, we reluctantly gave up most of our plans for a really busy social season, and with heavy hearts turned to our books and classes for consolation.

THAT JUNIOR-SENIOR PROMENADE

The Junior-Senior Prom was, as usual, the crowning event of the year's social program. Good old Armory Hall was handsomely decorated in a beautiful wonderland of sunbursts and gay streamers, a riot of Blue and Gold tastefully and artistically arranged by the ever energetic Juniors, who were certainly the premier entertainers.

We glided over the floor to the enlivening strains of the snappiest numbers in the dance folios of Dick Eade's Summerside Hotel Orchestra, of Chicago, till the lateness of the hour compelled us to wend our weary way homeward.

It was, without doubt, one of the best school proms ever held and, as a fitting climax to the social side of our four years of High School attendance, will long be pleasantly remembered by the graduates of 1924.

A MODERN VERSION

PALAMON and Arcite
Went to the same 'varsity;

Fought in the same battle
With the Athenian cattle.

Went to jail together,
Still in highest feather.

But the trouble started
When their pathways parted.

They fell in love with Emily,
A girl of excellent family;

Palamon cried: "She's all mine!"
Arcite shouted: "What a line!"

"She's *my* girlie for a fact;
Try to show a little tact."

Oh, boy, it ended in a scrap—
Jupiter gave the one a slap.

Arcite fell upon his head;
He didn't come to—they found him *dead.*

So his buddy got the lass,
As the story came to pass.

—Robin de Ramsay.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR PICNIC

THE regular annual picnic of the Junior-Senior Classes of the V. H. S. took place on May 17th at Sheridan Beach, Flint Lake. Both the boys and girls struggled for supremacy in a number of athletic contests: baseball, tennis, foot-racing, canoeing, and some of the hardier and more venturesome tried their new bathing suits, even though winter's grasp still held the waters of the lake.

Baseball was the most bitterly contested game among the Junior-Senior boys, as the rivalry in that branch of sport has always been very keen.

The usual number of feet were bogged down on the beach and the same number of dresses and silk shirts were decorated with the same kinds of ice cream, pop, salad dressing, egg, pie, etc., for there is no joy in a picnic unless you get pretty well bedraggled by night.

It goes without saying that the Seniors are always willing and able to do justice to the wonderfully appetizing spreads for which Juniors are so justly famed. The only feature which detracted from their day's full enjoyment was the thought that this would be the last time that these two classes and their much beloved, though sorely tried, instructors would be together. May they always carry pleasant memories of the year of 1924.

With the Wits

DEERUST REEDERS:

As is Generally knowin, we literary persuns want atmospheer and we haf to have it or THe old career goes blooie. Iff sumbuddy roped and tide a literary geenius and took him intoo a plase where their was absolootly no caws to feer ptomain poisining the chances R he wood Bgin to right punk stuff and his reeding public WOod fall off to less than nuthing. likewise with thee artust; he must have The BoheMian atmusphere orr his write hand losEs its cunning and hE has tOO go two wurk. Howevah, Iff eye wramble along like this and don't git DoWN to bisness i won't gIt anathing dun. Itt tuk up a good part uv my time this seemester to thiNk UpP sumthing about MaBel oRr george or NINa ore HazelL and i fineally got the Old noodle sow MuSSed upp I Didn't no thee difference beetween an oil operatore and a clam digger, let aloan beeing ABle to concentrate on the More sober things reelating too oatmeel eaters.

Well i'll due what the expeerts call the presentashun of my seckshun and let u sea whatt you think of it.

Very trooly Yurs,

JO KEEDITOR.

P. S. (1) pleese don't laff at my Jokes az you'll bee old and feable two sum day.

P. S. (2) don't fergit P. s. one.

P. S. (3) Itz lucky i gott a twyperighter or maybee perhaps possiblee i couldn't have writ this stuff.

Miss McIntyre (in History)—"Now, Harold, who were the strongest men of olden times?"

Harold Sievers—"Samson and Hercules."

Miss McIntyre—"Do you know anything about them?"

Harold—"Oh, yes. Samson was a regular Hercules."

Miss Benney—"Can anyone tell me where the Declaration of Independence was signed?"

Bright English Pupil—"At the bottom, like a letter."

Miss McGillicuddy: "I gave you zero on your paper."

Mary Douglas: "That means nothing to me."

Can February March?
No, but April May.
Now don't July about it.

HEAVENS!

Mr. Boucher: "What did we learn in Geometry yesterday, William?"

"Bill" Christy: "We learned to bisect angels."

BIBLE STORIES

Miss Stanford: "Who was Naaman?"

"Lewie" Marquardt: "Naaman was a leopard."

Prof. Pauley: "What'd you administer to a person who had swallowed some oxalic acid?"

"Bob" Hart: "Spiritual consolation."

Senior—"Can you give me a job on the staff?"

Editor—"No, we need brains to edit this book."

Senior—"Yes, I know you do—your work shows it."

DEFINITIONS

A hypocrite—A person who goes to a Political Economy test smiling.

Latin—An ancient Italian corpse still followed by a host of dejected mourners.

Powder—A deadly poison used by the female of a certain species to capture and tantalize the human insect called man.

B is for "Buck",
That Sophomore clown;
You can tell by the noise
That he's around.

"Now, Arthur," said the prof, "how many seasons are there?"

"D'ye mean in the United States?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, there's two."

"Only two? Name them."

"Basketball and football."

Mr. Pauley—"What conducts electricity, Merton?"

Merton Lish—"Why—er—"

Mr. Pauley—"Correct."

NOT THE ONLY ONE

Soph—"Aw, shut up."

Junior—"You're the biggest fool around this place."

Prof (cutting in)—"Boys, you forget I am here."

Prof. Pauley (in Trigonometry)—"Now, class, if two dogs equal a bale of hay, how many holes are there in a piece of Swiss cheese?"

A PROBLEM FOR GEOMETRY SHARKS

(a) Lion + 2 lion hunters = lion + 1 lion hunter.

(b) Lion + 1 lion hunter = lion.

"Morrie" Stanton—"Would you accept a pet monkey?"

Margaret McNay—"You'll have to ask father."

A doctor in Chicago has become quite famous lately by rebuilding people's faces. In the last year he has changed more maps than the guy who wrote the geography.

He can take a face that only a mother could love and make a whole city adore This one, for instance:

This doctor steps in where nature gave up.

And no one can say it isn't yours, because he gives you a receipt along with it.

After you've carried the same mug for twenty or thirty years you owe it to yourself to get a new one.

You can get a new face that will last you a lifetime or he can fix you up with one just to wear over the week end.

If your folks aren't satisfied with it, take it back and he'll give you another one.

Minister: "Who brayed there?"

Wee small voice: "'Twas only an echo."

THE MYSTERY

(A poem in blank verse)

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____

Dija ever read the "Red Flannels" by Ivan Offilitch?

Johnnie (at football game)—"Say, dad, why are those men in the front rows baldheaded?"

Dad—"They bought their tickets from the scalpers, son."

"Biz"—What did Bill do when his girl wouldn't let him kiss her last night out on the lake?"

Ness—"He paddled her back."

"Biz"—"The rough thing!"

"Freshie"—"So I took the $50,000 and bought George London some powder puffs, deducting 49c for brilliantine."

Senior (away at school)—"Er-ah. Are those two people over there in love."

She—"No, dear; this is college."

We suggest that they call necking petting larceny.

(Some think it's grand.)

Marguerite Aylesworth—"Who gave you the shiner, George?"

George Douglas—"No one, of course. I hadda fight for it."

Kenneth Oldham—"May I go out and play, Ma?"

Mother—"What! With those holes in your pants?"

"Ken"—"No, with the boy next door."

"Phil" Corboy (singing)—"What do you think of my execution?"

"Herbie" Douglas—"I favor it."

"Dot" DeWitt—"I can't find my last year's bathing suit."

Birde Crumpacker—"Maybe a moth ate it."

George Howser—"I'm going in for athletics now."

"Sed" Sanford—"Yes?"

George—"Uh-huh. I roll my own cigarets."

NOTICE TO FRESHMEN

Please remain inside the building until all lines have passed. It may be hard on the squirrels in front of the school but it will help you.

"What did you think of my acting?" asked Pulver, the would-be Hamlet.

"That wasn't acting, that was misbehavior," replied "Pat" Hauff.

Mr. Schenck (in Commercial Law)—"What was the Sherman Act, Jean?"

Jean Bell—"Marching Through Georgia."

"Tom" Sergeant says when he eats grapefruit for breakfast he is reminded of the song, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."

"Freddie"—Why'd you come to the dance as a stag?"

Loren—"I didn't have the doe."

Virginia Kirkpatrick—"Don't you love driving?"

"Guil"—"Yes, but we're in town yet."

"Pa, what's a pretzel?"

"A cracker with cramps, son. Now get to bed."

First Dumdora: "Decatur, Illinois, is a swell city but they don't bury their dead down there."

Second Dumdora: "Yeh?"

First Dumdora: "They mistook a mailman for a Confederate officer the other day and shot him."

"Torp" Wade: "Spring is here!"

Verna Sherrick: "It is?"

"Torp" (pointing at Martin Wheeler): "Sure, look at the sap."

Loraine Vevia: "What's your favorite sport?"

Kate Christy: "Harry."

ALWAYS REMEMBER THIS

You don't know as much as a Senior.

Don't make up back work voluntarily; the teachers are supposed to see you personally.

ON APRIL 1

Bruce Gordon: "Fat, I think you're the cutest, wittiest and most wonderful girl in high school."

"Fat" McWhinney (very pleased): "Now, Brucie."

Bruce: "April Fool."

"Kate" Alpen: "You remind me of a fountain pen."

"Woody": "Howzat?"

"Kate": "Can't be depended upon—always broke."

"Woody": "Yes, but I can't compare you to a fountain pen."

"Kate": "Of course not!"

"Woody": "Because some fountain pens dry up, but you can't."

Since Wayne Zerber got lost in the woods on the Botany Field Trip to Sager's, each little lamb will hereafter be given a cute little bell with a bright red ribbon on to tie around his neck.

Don't judge a man by the fit of his coat—it may be a borrowed one.

From a romantic poem entitled, "Spring! Spring!" submitted by "The King of the Cream Puff Fighters" we cull the first stanza:

The open spots are calling
You can tell its turning spring:
The open spots are calling,
And my ears begin to ring.

As we read the poet's symptoms, he needs aspirin. A good gargle, too, may help.

Teacher—"Where is Mexico, Johnnie?"

Johnnie the Wise—"On page 10 of the geography, Miss."

NOT BAD

Patron: "Are you sure this paste is imported from France?"

Tactful Clerk: "Why, madam, you surely have heard of the French pastry!"

"Buzz" Stansell: "It's a dirty underhanded game."

"Gussie" Marks: "What is?"

"Buzz": "Horseshoes."

I went to a party with Helen
And met with an awful mishap
For I awkwardly emptied a cupful
Of chocolate into her lap.
But Helen was cool—tho' I wasn't,
For none is so tactful as she;
And, smiling with perfect composure,
Said sweetly, "This time the drinks are on me."

"Peg" Stinchfield: "Aren't you afraid of getting ptomaine poisoning?"

"Orlie" Horner: "From what?"

"Peg": "Riding around in an old can like that."

Hubby to friend wife over telephone: "Is that you dear? I just called up to say that I'm afraid I won't get home to dinner tonight as I am detained at the office."

Friend wife: "I don't wonder. I don't see how you managed to get anything done with that orchestra playing in your office. Goodbye! ! "

Bernard Henderlong: "Say, Dick, how are the hogs?"

"Dick" Lytle: "Fine, how's your family?"

Bob Moltz (looking at Biblical picture): "How does it happen you see only little boys and girls and no men with beards in these pictures?"

"Onions": "It's a pretty close shave for an old guy to get into heaven."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

I saw a cow slip through the fence,
A horse fly in the store;
I saw a board walk up the street,
A stone step by the door.

I saw a mill race up the road,
A morning break the gloom;
I saw a night fall on the lawn,
A clock run in the room.

I saw a peanut stand up high,
A sardine box in town;
I saw a bed spring at the gate,
An ink stand on the ground.

THAT CULVER TRIP

Fred White (to parrot in hotel lobby): "Polly wanta cracker?"

Polly: "Naw, you cracker."

"Horney" (for two whole days and nights): "If you think my head doesn't itch you just think again."

We suggest that he attend the Botany recitations from the announcement on the board—read on "insect diseases".

"Eddie" Buchanan: (rushing into library) "Miss Carr, have you the book, 'Dirty Relations'?"

Miss Carr: "You mean 'Kindred of the Dust' don't you?"

Ralph Wheeler: "My dog doesn't eat T bone steak any more."

"Don" Will: "Why?"

Ralph: "I don't feed it to him."

We understand that Kendall Droom is popular with the cats. He came home one night and thirty-three were following him.

Miss Stanford: "How did Solomon show wisdom in his decision about the child claimed by two women?"

"Hod" Eschell: "He offered to cut the brat in two and give a half to the respective mothers."

THAT SLEEP PROBLEM

The hardest thing in the world for some people to do is to get out of bed early in the morning. A lot of them overcome this by staying up all night.

One guy used to turn his bed down, set the alarm clock, put the cat out, and then keep walking around the block until daylight.

He even tied his eyelids back to keep from going to sleep.

He was getting along fine until he got a job as night watchman and then it was impossible to stay awake.

One dame used to sleep all the time, but she finally contracted insomnia by keeping company with a milkman.

Another boob had such a hard job getting out of bed at 7 a. m. that he hired two guys to get up for him.

He bought an alarm clock but let them use it.

EXCELSIOR

Prelude

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the town of Kouts had passed
A youth who, with not e'en a trace
Of shame, had pushed into his face
A cigarette.

Part the First

The match he threw he saw not where,
It seemed so helpless lying there.
This little match in something fell;
Just what it was to you I'll tell,
Excelsior!

Part the Second

This match did fire the village store,
And that small store did stand no more,
For as the people's necks were craned
They saw just what remained.
Excelsior!

Part the Third

Good Lord! Is the boy insane?
He answered this with words profane,
"What care I how much remains?"
For this is what he had for brains—
Excelsior!

HIGH SCHOOL MOVIE ACTORS

Lloyd Hamilton Wright (Our Byron).
Buster Keaton Wilson (Glen).
Bill Hart Watt (Shank).
Douglas Fairbanks Stanton (Date).
Charlie Chaplin (Ken Oldham).
Rudolph Vassalino Zerber (Our Wayne).
Theda Bara Auble (Gladys).
Gloria Swanson (Avis Worstell).
Richard Dix (Jerry Kenny).
Elmo Lincoln (Leslie Homer Gaston).
Nazimova (Gladys Comstock).
Harold Lloyd (Bud Miller).
Larry Semon (Jim Nixon).
Roscoe Arbuckle (Bud Ruge).
Antonio Moreno (Reuben Hinson).
Wallace Beery Fyfe (Little Malcolm).

(With apologies to all theatrical producers.)

HINTS TO OUR SENIORS

When Joseph Jenkins was in college,
He never boasted of his knowledge;
While his classmate, William Wise,
Talked himself up to the skies;
But now, kind reader, pause to guess
How these two boys achieved success—
Joe's a famous financier,
While William is an auctioneer.

HIGH SCHOOL ETIQUETTE

Always chew your gum in class. It's a mark of high culture.

Students are expected to be absent whenever possible. It makes less work for the over-burdened faculty.

Write your translations in your book. It's a duty you owe to next term's students.

Please see that all small scraps of paper are scattered on the floor. The waste baskets are for ornamental purposes only.

ABE MARTIN SAYS:

If you are harboring a drooping mustache don't forget that jellied soup is a new invention.

AFTER THE BALL

Bright lights are flashing before the half-back's eyes;
The quarterback and fullback are nursing busted thighs.
The tackle tried to buck the line, while offering up a prayer,
And in a mass of human fragments he has climbed the Golden Stair.
The center rode a mass play through the Pearly Gates;
The surgeons in the hospital are mending broken pates.
Somebody gouged my eye out, a nose was seen to fall
While scrambling over the goal line, after the ball.

Chorus:

After the ball is over, after the field is clear,
What did you do with my eyebrow? Where is the rest of my ear?
Somebody has my ulna bone as a souvenir of the brawl,
And I lost a lung on the five-yard line, af-ter the ball.

The captain took the kickoff and was carted from the game;
The full-back tried a cross-buck, and he'll never look the same.
The right end smeared a forward pass, in a quivering mass of remains,
One had an armful of arms and legs, another a handful of brains.
The quarterback has vanished into the Sweet Bye and Bye;
The left end's in the garbage can searching for his eye.
The season now is over—the din, and shout, and all,
But some of the boys are not all here, after the ball.

Chorus:

After the ball is over, after the field was cleared,
Somebody's got my knee-cap, my scalp has disappeared.
The boys are in the study room, the cheering squad and all,
But some of their principal parts were lost while af-ter the ball.

Nice Lady—"Little boy, do you believe in fairies?"

Boston Bobbie—"I find no mention of any such beings either in Darwin's Origin of the Species or the Encyclopedia Britannica."

"Nate" Worstell—"Now, Louie, you know you smoke baseball cigarets."

"Louie" Marquardt — "Whaddaye mean?"

"Nate"—"Grounders and pickups."

"Lafe" Aylesworth (in English VIII)—"I think Darwin's 'Survival of the Fittest' is wrong, as the good die young."

"Gawge" Douglas—"Zat so? I'm not dead yet."

Viola Wells—"Is this the library?"

Librarian—"Yes."

Viola—"I want something wicked, and excitin', and bad."

Librarian—"I wouldn't let you have a book like that."

Viola—"It isn't for me. I've read 'em. It's for my younger sister."

Margaret Sandy—"Did you see John Barrymore in 'Samson'?"

Fred Wittenberg—"No, but they told me he brought down the house."

QUESTION FOR DEBATE

Resolved, That the Game Law Covers Maltreatment of "Date" Stanton.

PROVERBS

A bent pin is the sign of an early spring.

Whatsoever a man seweth that shall he also rip.

MA!

Ma, teacher's after me;
Ma, teacher's after me!
Ma, she says my skirts are too short;
Ma, she says the rouge is smeared and everything.
Oh, Ma, she's after girls like me;
She won't let us be.
Every morning after classes,
She gets out her opera glasses,
Ma, she's spotted me.

Ma, teacher's after me;
Ma, she isn't nice to me!
Now she says my skirts aren't long,
Rouge is smeared and everything wrong.
Ma, she's after girls like me—
She won't let us be.
Ma, she says we're getting bolder,
And she taps us on the shoulder.
Oh, she watches me!
Every day just after classes
She gets out her opera glasses.
Ma, I must be good.

It is rumored that all typists belong to the same clique.

The scientist who has just finished reconstructing a three-toed horse from one bone may be said to have almost as lively an imagination as the guy who intended to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge and land in the Kankakee River.

You know the joke editor has to be polite to a lot of folks, and it's quite a job to do that. Some days the comic columnists are so chagrined they feel like leaving a lock of their hair and trying to wade across the Pacific Ocean.

THE LITTLE THINGS

"It's the little things in life that tell," said the girl as she dragged her kid brother from underneath the sofa.

We appreciate the thoughtfulness of our jokesmiths who enclosed keys to their wheezes. Our poets might at least have put titles on their poems.

Ike Lark let us know a few days ago that they have done away with horses in the fire department, but they have a night mayor in the city hall.

We are very modest and must admit that our smileage bears a certain resemblance to limburger cheese, if the comparison may be permitted. What we mean, we hasten to explain, is that you may acquire a taste for it if you are not frightened away on approach. Either you like it or you don't.

A TOUGH PROPOSITION

Statistics show that 15 per cent of the married couples are studying foreign alphabets. This enables them to call each other names in any language. We suggest the following to those who are contemplating engagements in the future—

If your wife says you're a sap in French, it's nice to be able to tell her she's a dumbbell in German.

Of course, she won't be able to understand you, but that's what makes the insult worse.

She'd rather have you call her down in English than compliment her in Greek.

If she asks you for a new fur coat in Italian, you can refuse her in Spanish.

But then the chances are she'll burst out crying in her mother tongue.

Her words may be foreign but her tears are always neutral.

When a woman starts sobbing you don't need an interpreter. She either wants a dress or an automobile.

A LITTLE HEART TO HEART CLOSE HARMONY

(By the Man Himself)*

Yes
We got out
An Annual
And it
Was like getting
Out of
Jail
Only it was
A lot
Of hard work
And no play
That
Made Jack a
Dull boy.
But we
Finished her up
And now we're
Mighty glad
It's done
And
We don't
Ever want to
See any more
Annuals
Unless
They are Annual
Dividends.
In
The first place
We had
Assistants
That assisted
Nobly
When
We insisted,
And

It was lovely
The last
Few weeks
When
They all
Helped a lot.
Then
The Engraving Co.
Was fine
But the
Last six cuts
They held up
On us
Tho'
We got 'em
At last
And then
We put it together
And we feel free
To tell
The cockeyed world
That it
Was SOME job;
And
The printer didn't
Do anything
For two
Days
But
Tear his hair
And yell
For copy
And the next day
He got copy
And he
Also got

Our goat
But
Now the worst
Is over
And
It's like other
Annuals,
Better
Than the one
Last year,
And
Our head
Aches
And
It's all swelled
Up
'N'everything.
We are
Glad
It's over
And so
Is our mother
And
Our dad,
And
Our teachers
And the faculty,
And the school
Board
And the
Janitor—
But
What a
Headache!

* Never Again.—*Editor.*

What are MEMORIES Worth

NOT TODAY, but twenty years from today, will you realize the value of this—your school annual. As a book of memories of your school days it will take its place as your most precious possession in the years to come. You who are about to undertake the task of putting out *next* year's book should keep this thought in mind and employ only the engraver who will give you the most help in making your book a worth while book of memories and give you workmanship that you will be proud of even in years to come.

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222 East Ohio St.
Indianapolis Ind.

Since we know that news regarding the alumni is always welcome to Valenian readers, we shall devote a page of our Annual to former graduates of the V. H. S. We shall try to give the whereabouts of last year's class and important incidents concerning earlier graduates.

Deaths

John Massey, '01.
Lily Ball, '87.
Fred Fitzwilliam, '95.
Verna Duggan Earle, '06.
Grace Ball McFetrich, '74.

Marriages

Cynthia Willing, '17, to Charles Orange.
Alma Curtis, '16, to Lewis Krieger.
Paul Findling, '16, to Helen Dean, '17.
Mable Sholes, '22, to Leland Adams.
Bruce Stansell, '20, to Retta Steinson.
Pauline Fay, '15, to Roland Wells.
Valeria Alt, '21, to Howard Andrews.
Edna Vosburg, '23, to W. H. Williams.
Werner Hiltpold, '20, to Jessie Mansfield.
Dow Johnson, '07, to Sara O'Donal.
Jessie Card, '23, to Harold Peck.
Lithia Ballinger, '18, to Robert G. Wheeler.
Harrison Steward, '12, to Alice Mathias.
Lenora Wise, '15, to Bennett Stewart.
Roger Wilson, '21, to Helen Herrick.
Earle Mavity, '17, to Lucile Peck.
Margaret Altemiller, '18, to J. W. Hessong.
Francis Gast, '16, to Josephine Clifford.
Doris Campbell, '18, to Harold Satre.
Audrey Lish, '23, to Rex Watson.

Mildred Wyman, '18, to Stanley Boryczko.
Floyd Brown, '16, to Esther Beach.
Jewell Hembroff, '15, to Charles Reagan, '16.

Of last year's class the following are enrolled in the Valparaiso University:

George Bentley
Clarissa Ely
Jesse Bowman
Irene Frame
Eva Kruse
Mary Stoner
Charles Parker
Helen Gordon
George Albright
Victor Hembroff

Others attending school are:
Ralph Brenner, Madison.
Carl Gruenert, Purdue.
Margaret Timmons, Ward Belmont, Tenn.
Alice Parker, Virginia College for Women.

The following are employed in the offices of Lewis E. Myers & Company:

Wilma Maxwell
Edith Richards
Ella Mae Vevia
Thelma McMillen
Ruth Van Arsdel
Alberta Muster
Delphyne Corson
Myrtle Willing

The following are tillers of the soil:

Andrew Collins
Glen Keene
Lynn Keene
Dwight Noble

Alice Fabing is studying music.
Ruth Hershman is studying and teaching music.
Vivian Worstell, Helen Gustafson and Arnold Blaese are in the Mica Factory Office.
Audrey Lish, Jessie Card and Edna Vosburg are married.
Kenneth Cleveland is in a bank at Crown Point.
Irene Field is at Woolworth's Store.
Thomas Clifford is at the McGill Factory.
Edna Hermance is at Attorney Park's Office.
Merle Dowdell is with the New York Life Insurance Co., Chicago.
Almira Horner is teaching in the Springfield Sanitarium for Children at Akron, Ohio.
Frank Duncan is recuperating from a severe illness.
Louella Kuehl is at home.

Ivan Hayhurst is in East Chicago.

Walter Krull is working for the Indiana State Highway Commission.

Kenneth Lawrence and Paul Stevenson are working in Chicago.

Virginia Rathjen is with the Consumers' Wholesale Grocers.

Ernest Lembke is employed at the Northwestern Indiana Telephone Company.

Dicky Mitchell, who received the Rector Scholarship, is recovering from typhoid fever.

Herbert Mitchell is employed in a Chicago bank.

De Forrest Seymour is with the Valparaiso Ice Company.

Samuel Simon is with the Simon Furniture Store.

Charlotte Wulf is at the Telephone Office.

Paul Fischer is at the Urschell Laboratory.

Gerald Burke is working for the Grand Trunk Railroad.

Kenneth Larson is with the Indiana Steel Products Company.

Ruth Crossland is working in Blue Island, Illinois.

Philip Deery is employed at the Mica Factory.

The following six members of the Class of '24 are the children of former graduates:

Bess Crisman, daughter of Emma Wilson, '95.
Frederick LePell, son of John O. LePell, '92.
Carolyn Lytle, daughter of Margaret McGregor, '94.
Margaret Sandy, daughter of Lula McNay, '00.
Edith Stoner, daughter of John Stoner, '87.
Byron Wright, son of Pearl Keene, '96.

The Alumni officers are:

President—Loring LePell.
Secretary and Treasurer—Mildred McCord.

Echoes of V. H. S.

"Fat" M. Whinney — Sorry you don't walk that gang plank ye
Sedgwick Sanford (Who's the tar now?
Sadie Frederick — "The dirt road with the trees".
"Peg" Stinchfield '26 — Sort cute not cute. Huh?
Miladi Reetz — give me a ride
Sump Campbell — Such an appetite —
"Dot" Lowe — Flat tires & side curtains
Margaret Gustafson — "I'm sorry that I won't be back next year so that you can come and sit with me at noon."
Maud Gustafson — "Turn about is fair play."
"Nellie" Worstell — Going to M. Epicknic — me too!
Millicent T. — goodbye to geom. III.
Carolyn Lytle — What a perfect German you'd make.
Mary Frances — Hoc ody handsome! P.H.
Alice (Slim) Ludington — I love "fat" boys."
[illegible] — You're [illegible] Just to [illegible]
Flora Tousley. Don't you love to have Sidie fly into your arms.
Anita Barber — Wasn't we smell decorator?

Echoes of V. H. S.

Mary Wittenberg – To Our Gallant Captain!

Harold Pinkus (Hollow Cap!

Birde Crumpacker – I want to know who said I was drunk!

Phyllis Kiegen — Oppenella; sister and his cousins his aunts.

Edith Stoner – Dear little Buttercup

Howard Eckell — Then Give three cheers! —

Helen Hodges — Kin's coming Thurs.

Virginia Kirkpatrick – Nothin' to say and I'm not sore either

Lois Mae — Hi! Pop – Roll up my sleeves.

Bruce Gordon Can't say much after my predecessor gets thru.

Lorraine Kinne Aint walking to school the grandest thing?

Bob Hart – [illegible]

[illegible]

Chas Stinchfield. Well Gil. Hows the captain

Marian Nyppnaie – You make a grand captain.

Echoes of V. H. S.

Dorothy Ellis - where's the captain of the Pinafore?

Lois Bell - Yer sis'. --- Ha!

James Nixon "Let's see your voice"

Lewis Marquardt "Some Prom."

Thomas Sergeant.

Vee Vassow - 'Member' on Main Street?

"Sal" - miss McIntyre little pet?

Shorty Sherburne - Oh those learned recitation you made in History!

Marjorie McNay - Let's hippety - [illegible]

Bernice Smith - Remember the recital.

"Mike" Shurr - "Smiling" Gail Dye.

"Kate" Philley - "next year"!

Verna Sherrick -- I hope you find something

Bruce Doud - "Ah! Let me study."

Harold Pulver - my captain! eh! =

Echoes of V. H. S.

Edward Buchanan --- See you next year.

Marguerite Aylesworth - Remember the telephone call.

Adalene Eaton - Wheres youre monical?

Ruth Vevia - History debaters.

Dorothy Goodpaster - I wish I had some of your eloquence.

Robert Miller - Remember the days in the grad

Bernard Henderlong - 10 lbs. of course.

Art Butler - How's Freely I

Audrey Shaver - Annex 2.

Hazel Bielby - History III

G. M. S. Never? - Hardly ever!

Clare McGillicuddy.

Ethel - "Bobbie" Schrag - Remember two years ago!

Helen Gast - The Operetta days are over.

J. M. Kenny - Some gab. eh Gus.

John Spindler - "Chick"

Echoes of V. H. S.

Bell Christy - Please lead her to me dearie.

David Finnigan — When will we sing tenors together again?

Billie Hunt - ½ of the 5th and ½ of the 9th

Judd Bush - The Honorable

Willie Eberhard - Let's play pool.

Merton Lish - So long Gail.

Ben Wakefield - How about that chance? Eh?

"Brownie" Don't look too hard for a broom, Ma'm.

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